kaboom!

OVER THE GARDEN WALL

4 of 4

JIM CAMPBELL

10 TEN YEARS BOOM! STUDIOS

OVER THE GARDEN WALL™

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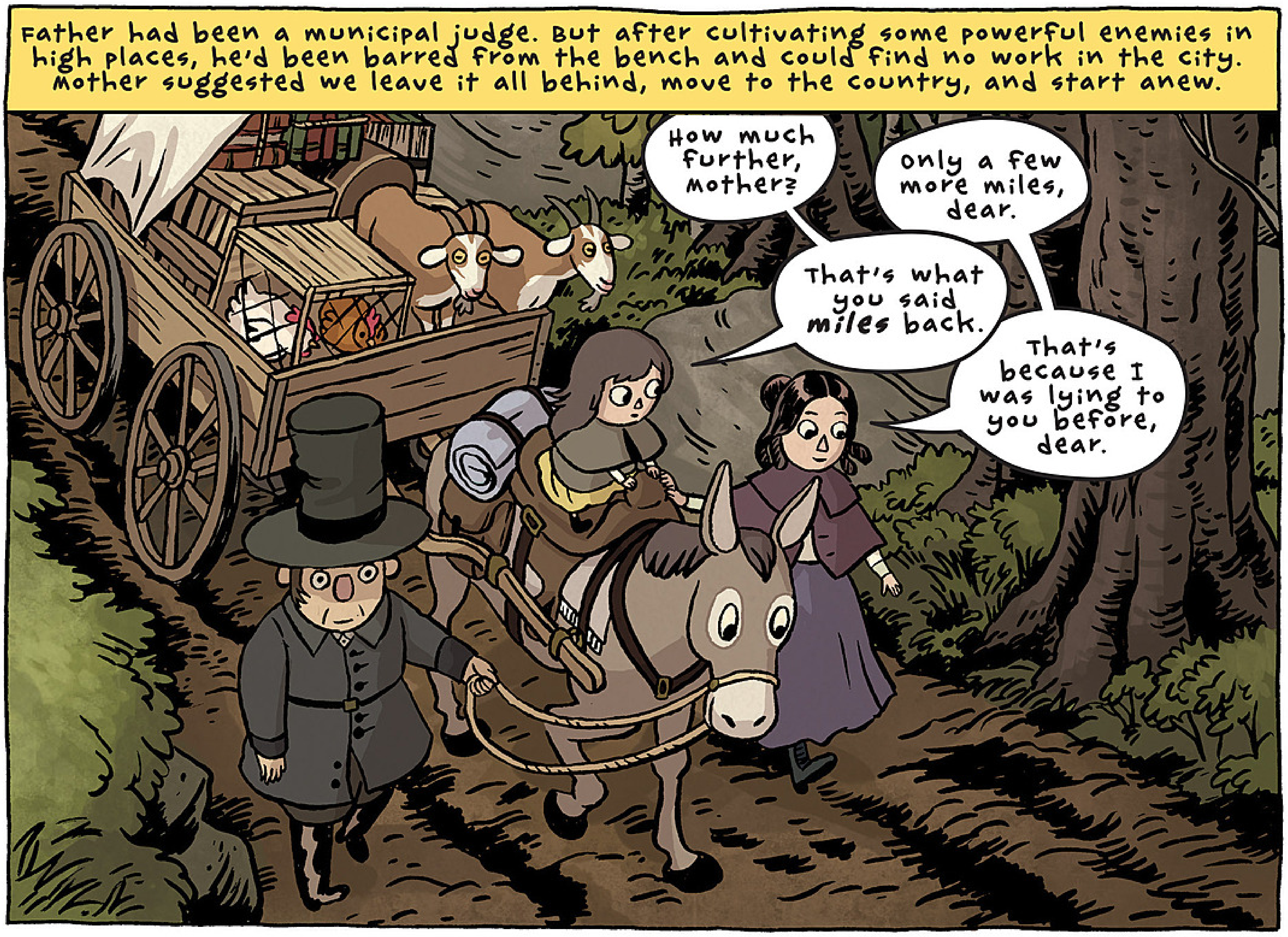
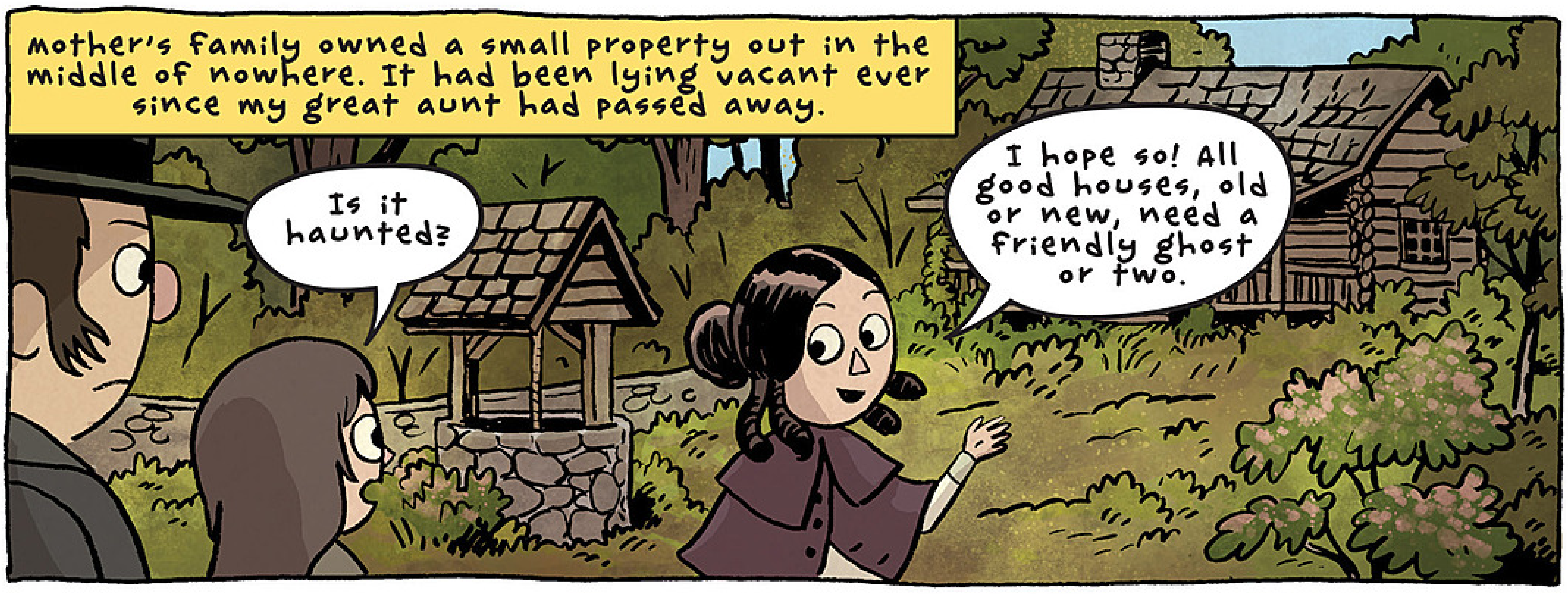
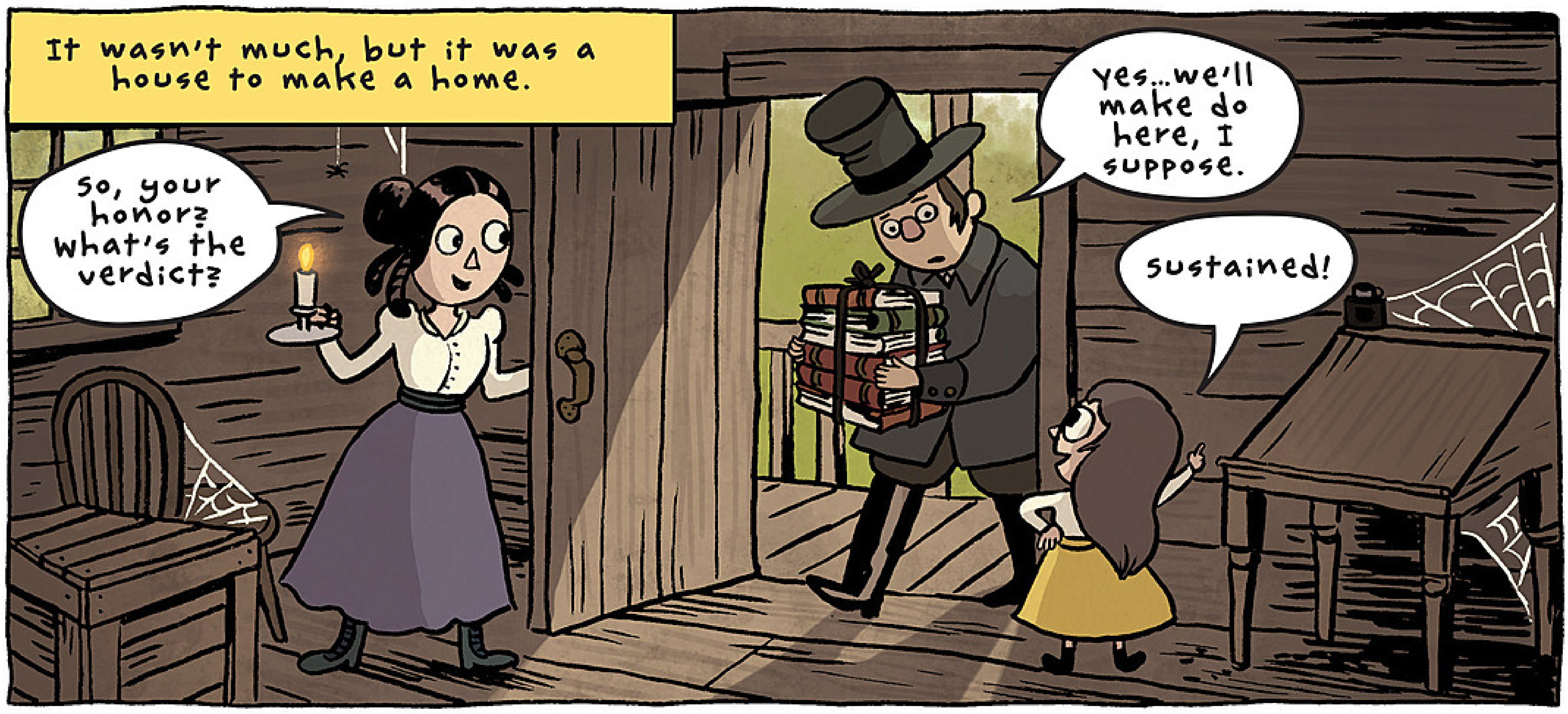
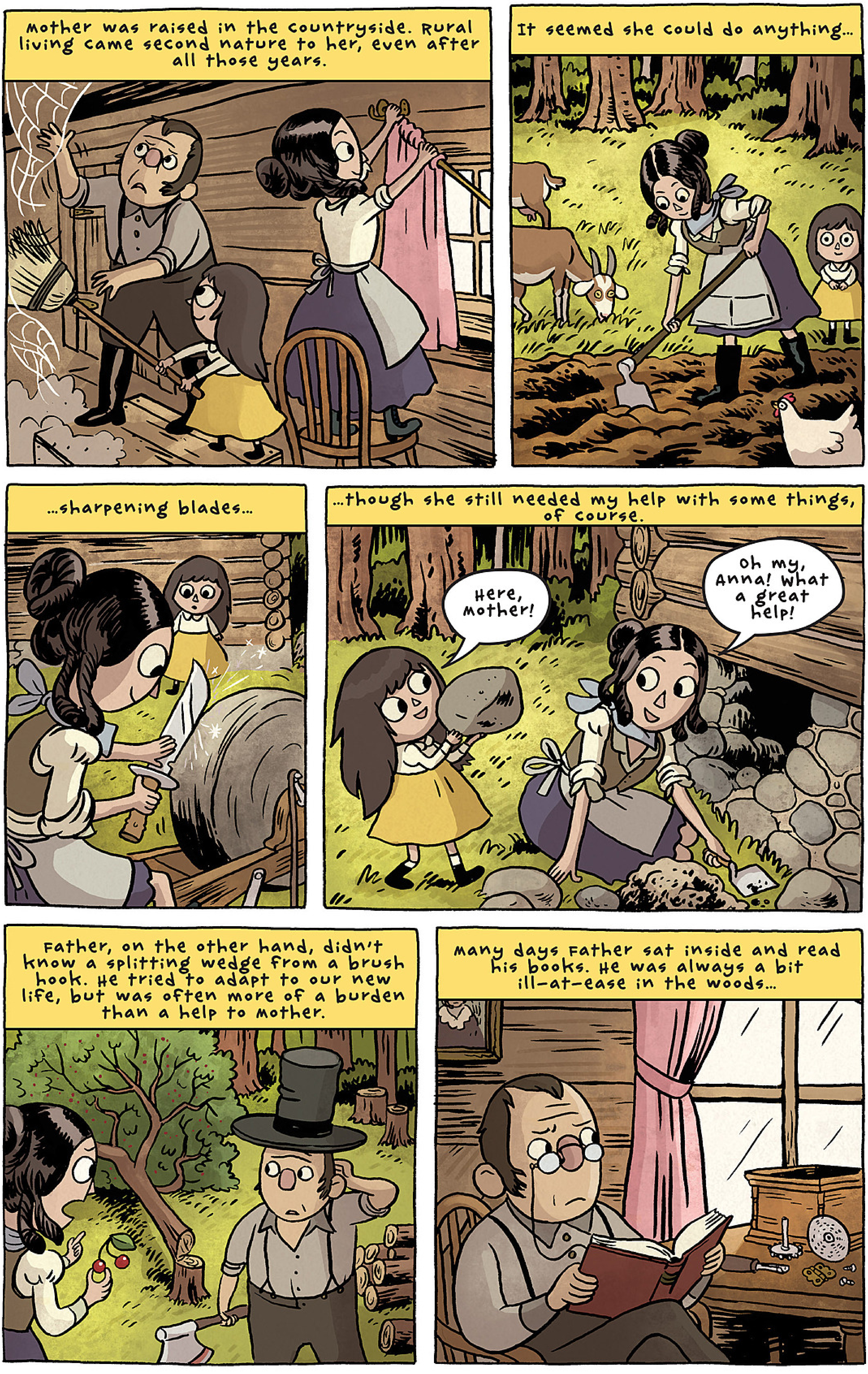
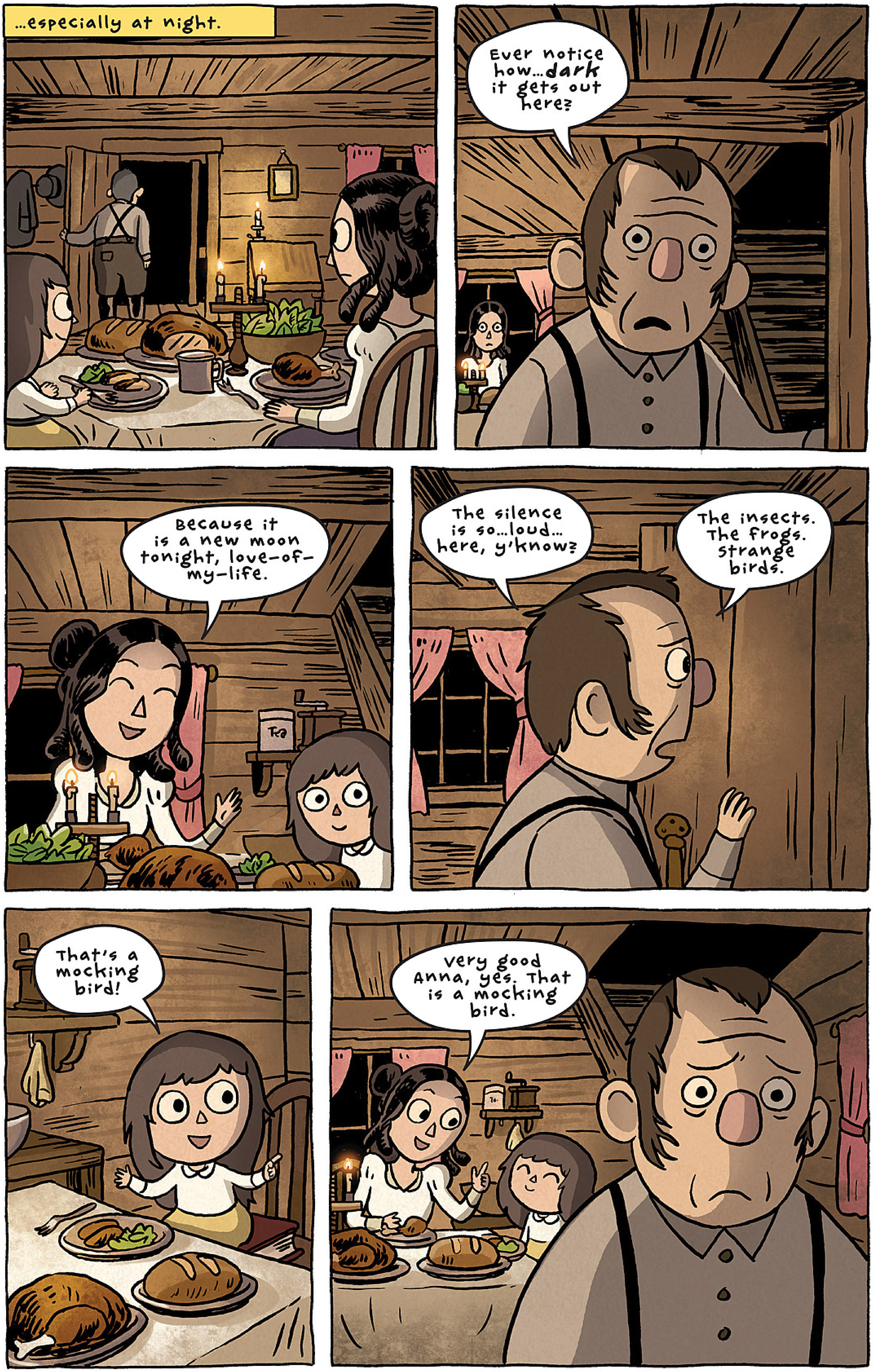
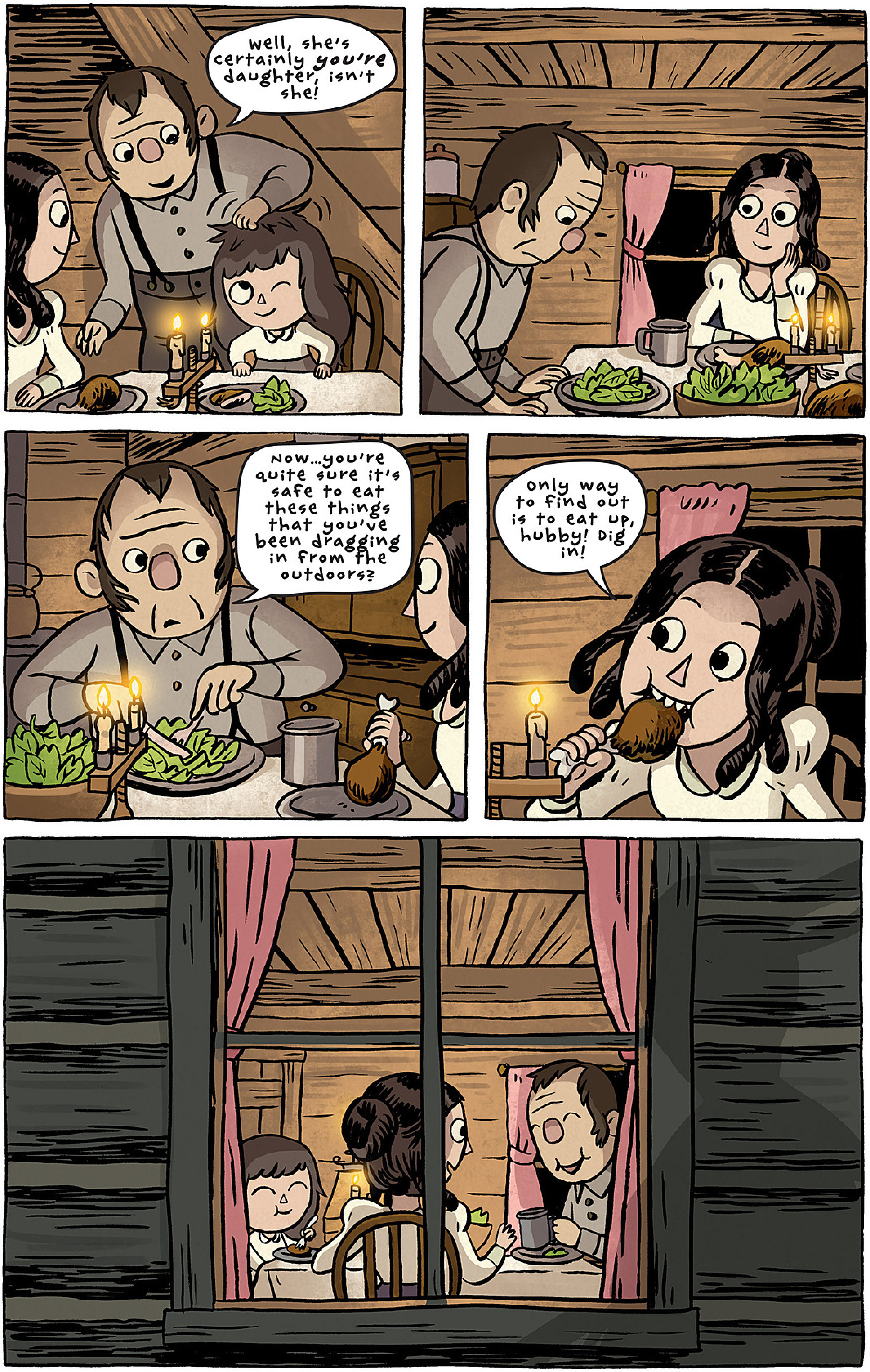

Father had been a municipal judge. But after cultivating some powerful enemies in high places, he'd been barred from the bench and could find no work in the city. Mother suggested we leave it all behind, move to the country, and start anew.
How much further, mother?
Only a few more miles, dear.
That's what you said *miles* back.
That's because I was lying to you before, dear.

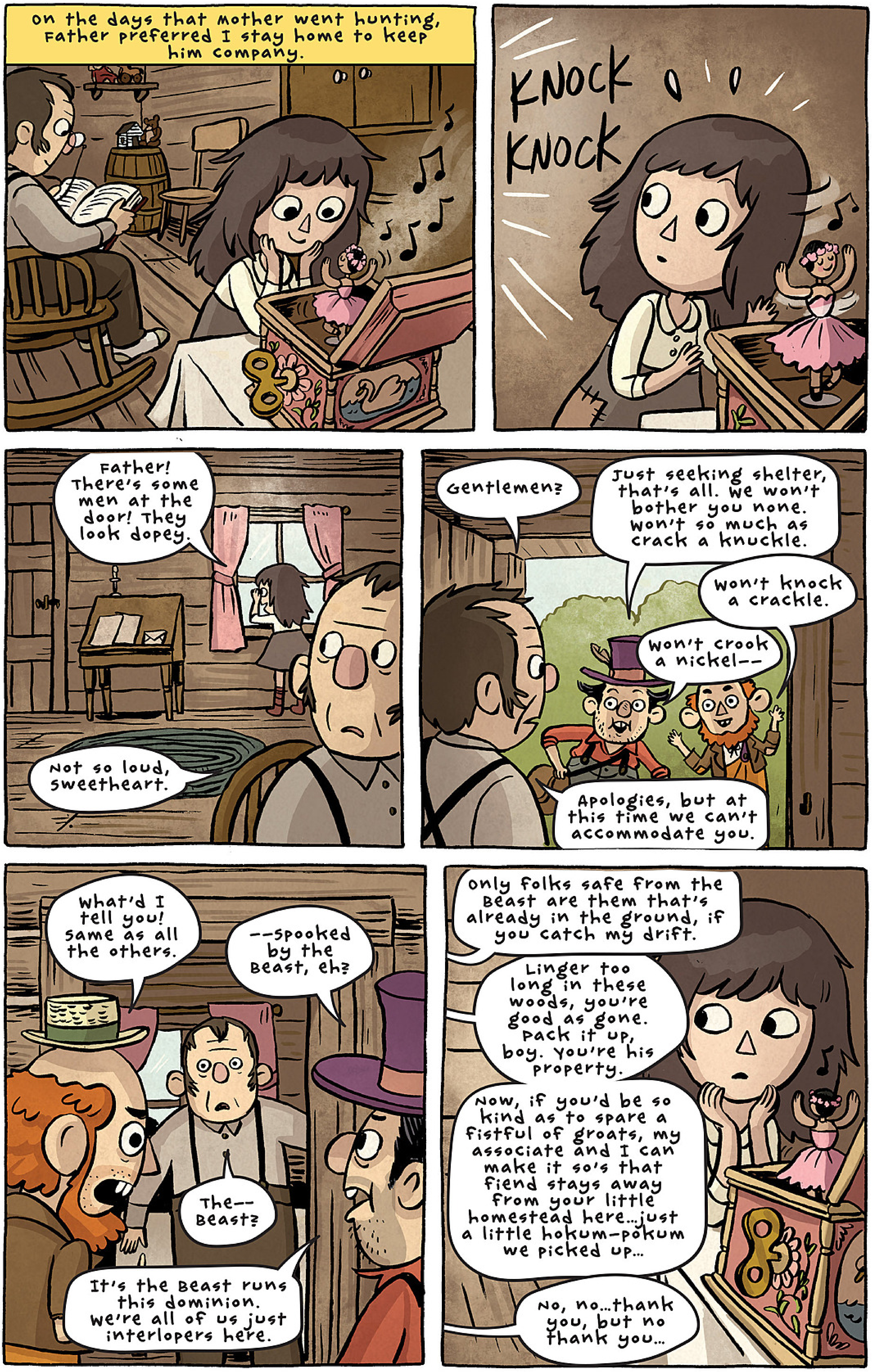

Mother's family owned a small property out in the middle of nowhere. It had been lying vacant ever since my great aunt had passed away.
Is it haunted?
I hope so! All good houses, old or new, need a friendly ghost or two.

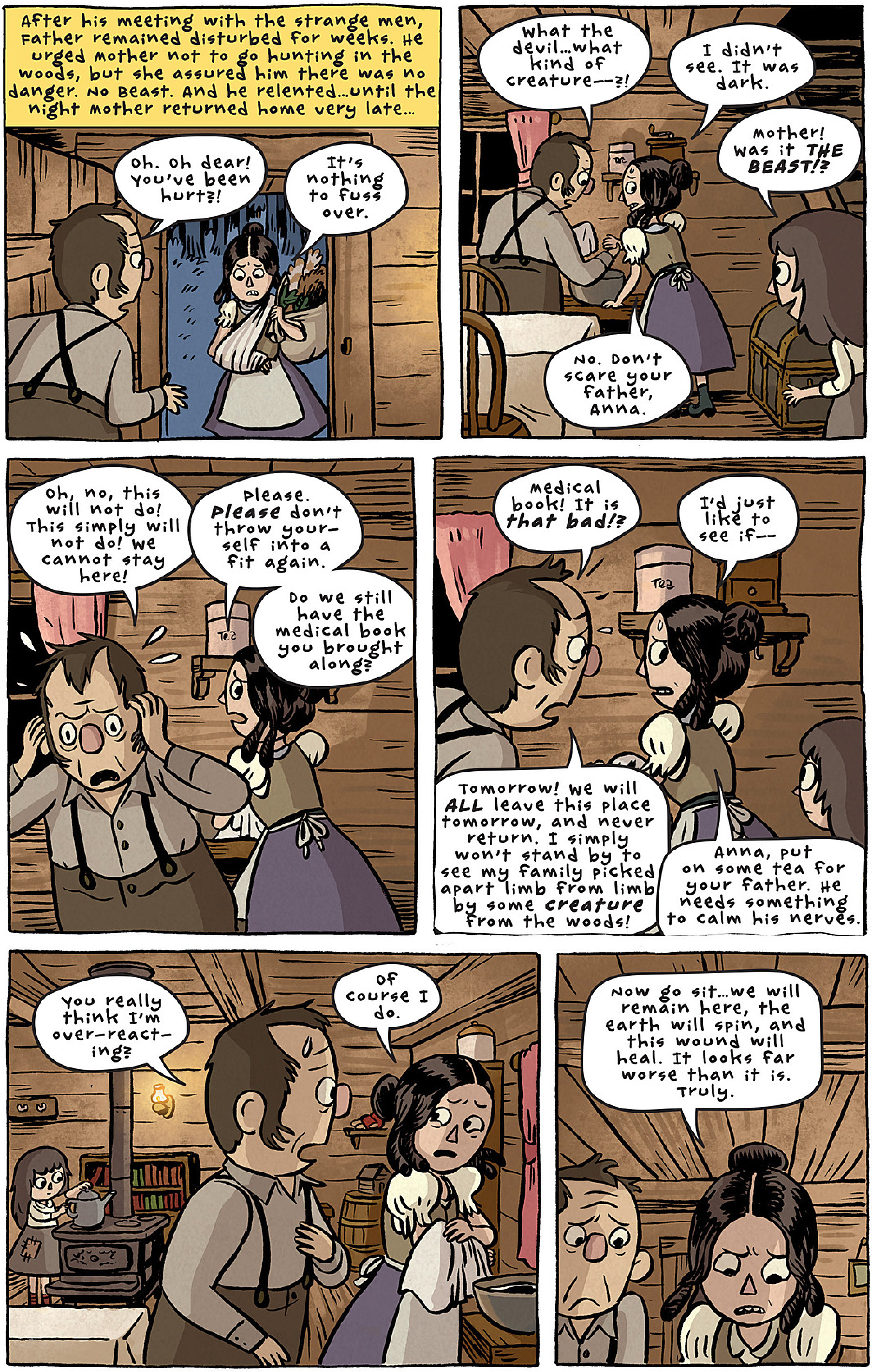

It wasn't much, but it was a house to make a home.
So, your honor? What's the verdict?
Yes...we'll make do here, I suppose.
Sustained!


Mother was raised in the countryside. Rural living came second nature to her, even after all those years.
It seemed she could do anything…
…sharpening blades…
…though she still needed my help with some things, of course.
Here, mother!
Oh my, Anna! What a great help!
Father, on the other hand, didn't know a splitting wedge from a brush hook. He tried to adapt to our new life, but was often more of a burden than a help to Mother.
Many days Father sat inside and read his books. He was always a bit ill-at-ease in the woods…

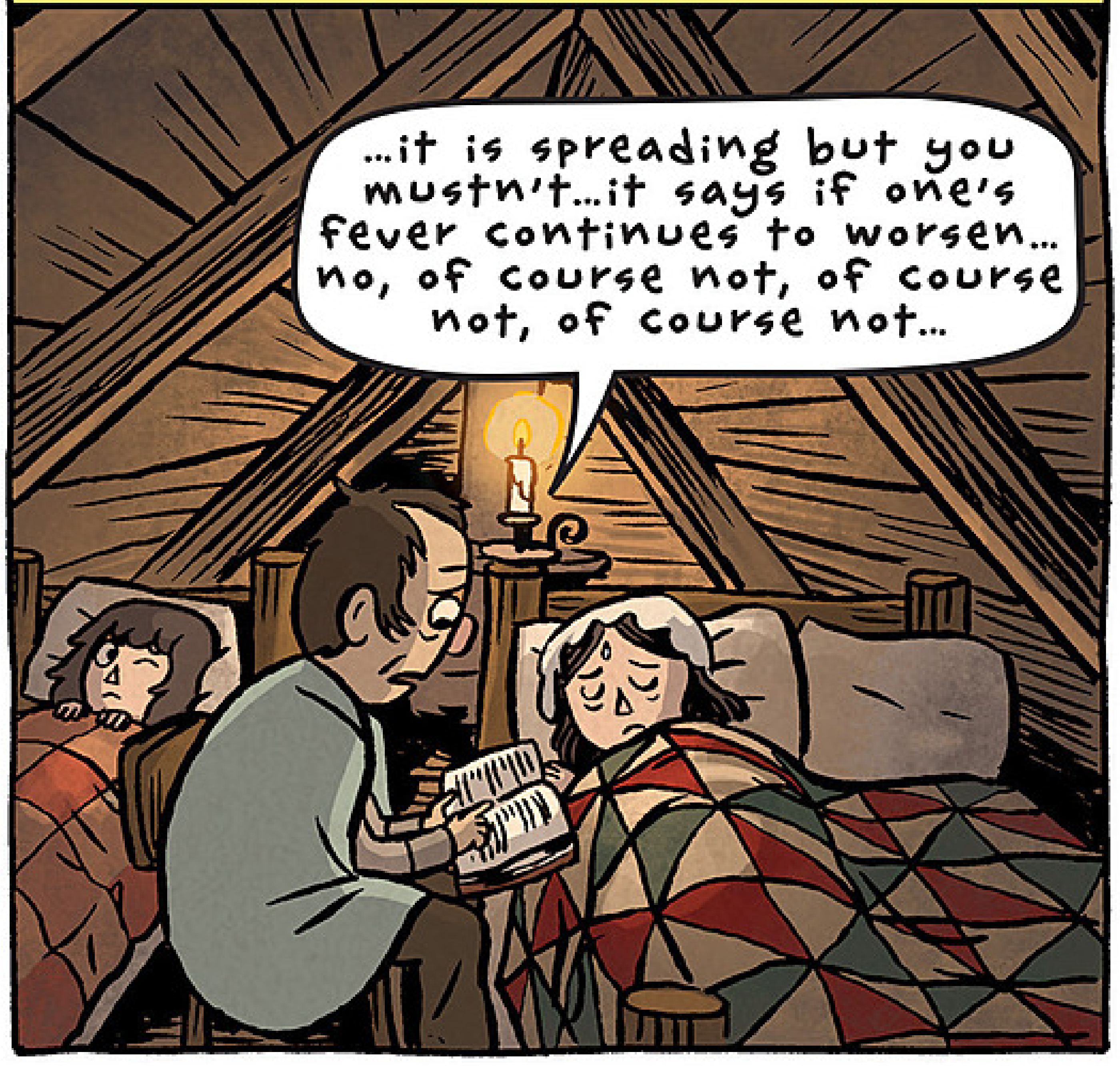

...especially at night.
Ever notice how...**dark** it gets out here?
Because it is a new moon tonight, love-of-my-life.
The silence is so...loud... here, y'know?
The insects. The frogs. Strange birds.
Tea
That's a mocking bird!
Very good Anna, yes. That is a mocking bird.


Well, she's certainly *you're* daughter, isn't she!
Now...you're quite sure it's safe to eat these things that you've been dragging in from the outdoors?
Only way to find out is to eat up, hubby! Dig in!

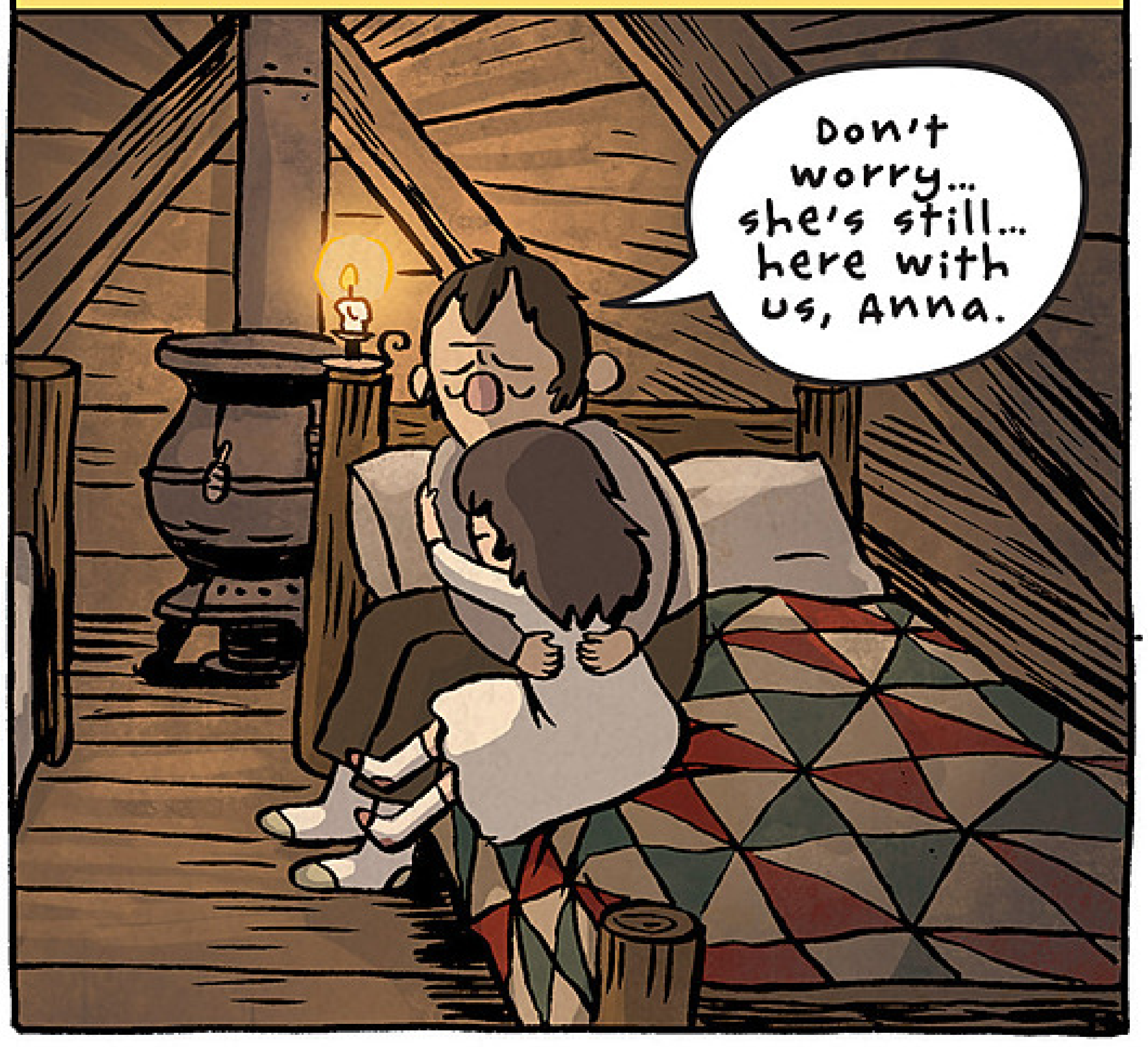

On the days that mother went hunting, Father preferred I stay home to keep him company.
KNOCK KNOCK
Father! There's some men at the door! They look dopey.
Not so loud, sweetheart.
Gentlemen?
Just seeking shelter, that's all. We won't bother you none. Won't so much as crack a knuckle.
Won't knock a crackle.
Won't crook a nickel--
Apologies, but at this time we can't accommodate you.
What'd I tell you! Same as all the others.
--Spooked by the Beast, eh?
The-- Beast?
It's the Beast runs this dominion. We're all of us just interlopers here.
Only folks safe from the Beast are them that's already in the ground, if you catch my drift.
Linger too long in these woods, you're good as gone. Pack it up, boy. You're his property.
Now, if you'd be so kind as to spare a fistful of groats, my associate and I can make it so's that fiend stays away from your little homestead here...just a little hokum-pokum we picked up...
No, no...thank you, but no thank you...


After his meeting with the strange men, Father remained disturbed for weeks. He urged mother not to go hunting in the woods, but she assured him there was no danger. No Beast. And he relented...until the night mother returned home very late...
Oh. Oh dear! You've been hurt?!
It's nothing to fuss over.
What the devil...what kind of creature--?!
I didn't see. It was dark.
Mother! Was it *THE BEAST!?*
No. Don't scare your father, Anna.
Oh, no, this will not do! This simply will not do! We cannot stay here!
Please. *Please* don't throw yourself into a fit again.
Do we still have the medical book you brought along?
Medical book! It is *that bad!?*
I'd just like to see if--
Tomorrow! We will *ALL* leave this place tomorrow, and never return. I simply won't stand by to see my family picked apart limb from limb by some *creature* from the woods!
Anna, put on some tea for your father. He needs something to calm his nerves.
Tea
You really think I'm over-reacting?
Of course I do.
Now go sit...we will remain here, the earth will spin, and this wound will heal. It looks far worse than it is. Truly.

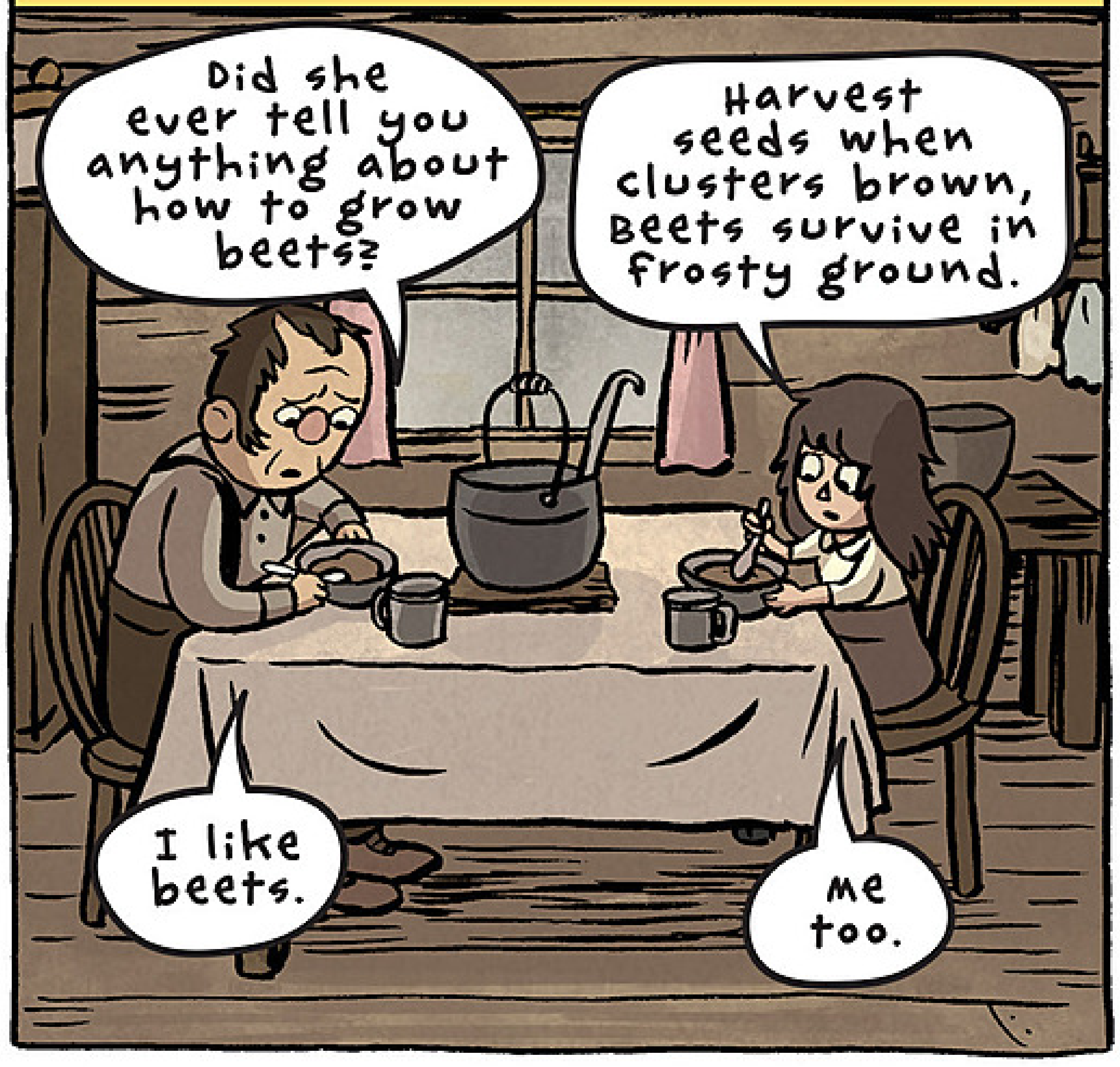
But mother wasn't telling the truth.

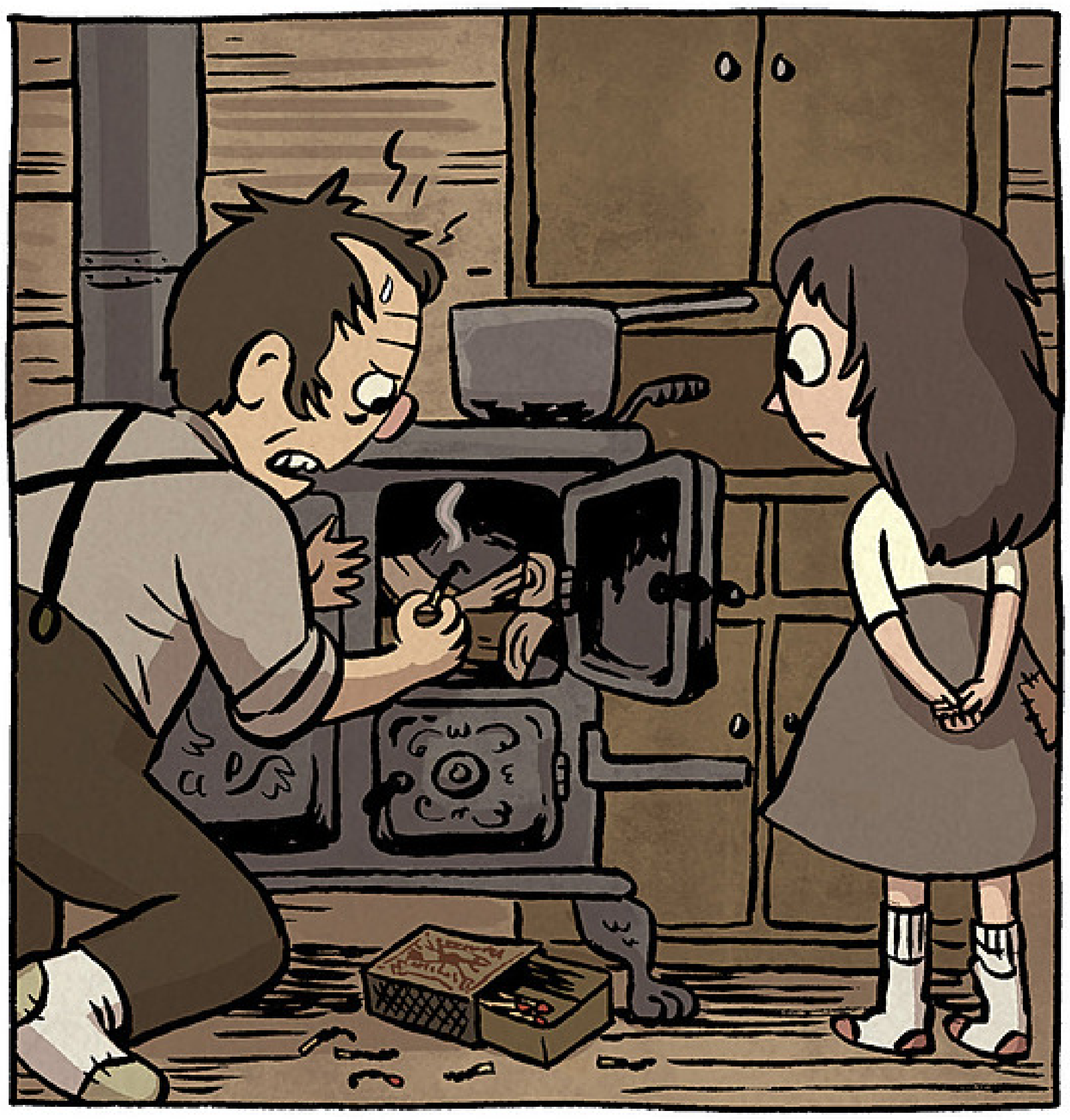

...it is spreading but you mustn't...it says if one's fever continues to worsen... no, of course not, of course not, of course not...

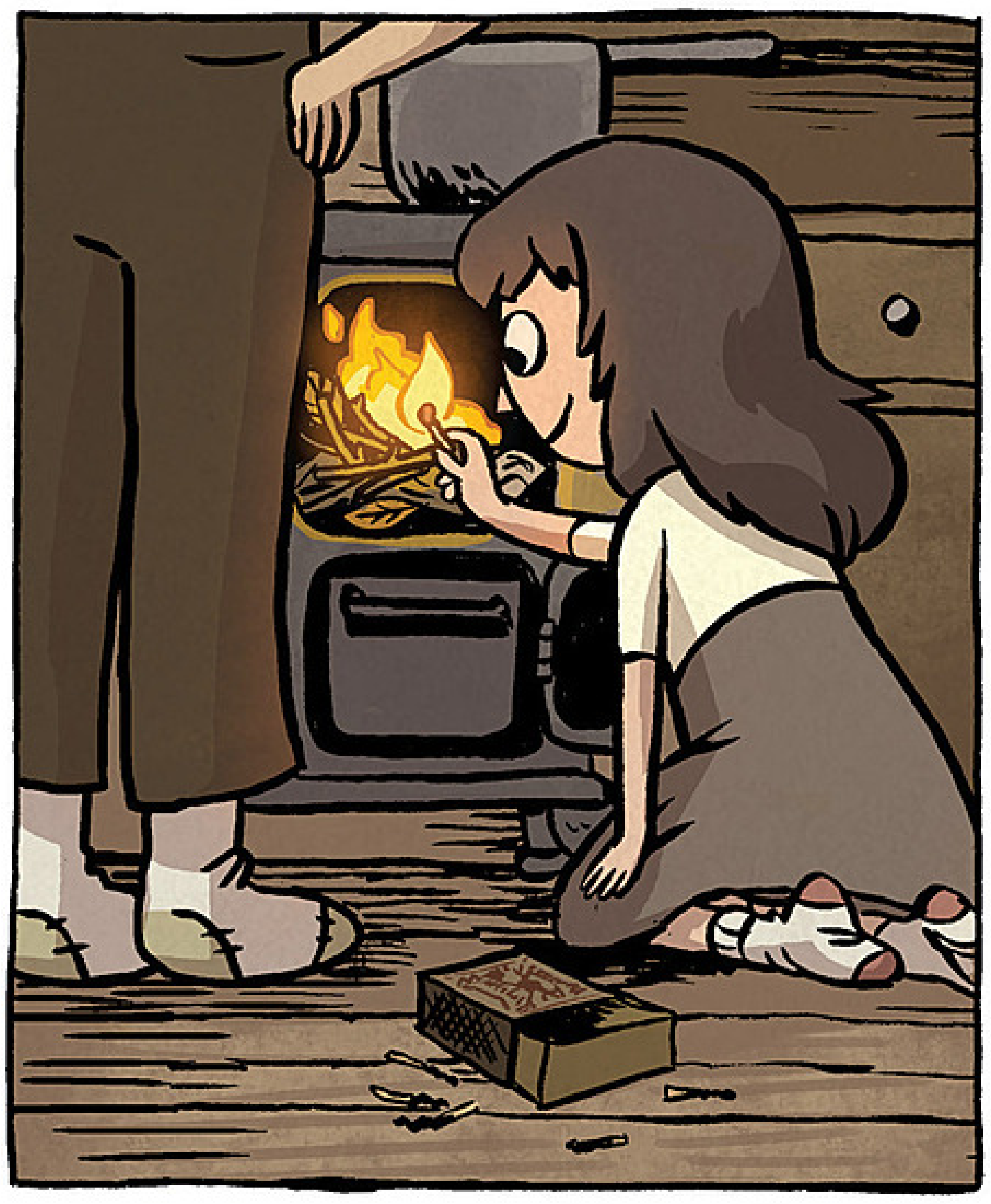
Father never again spoke of moving back to the city.

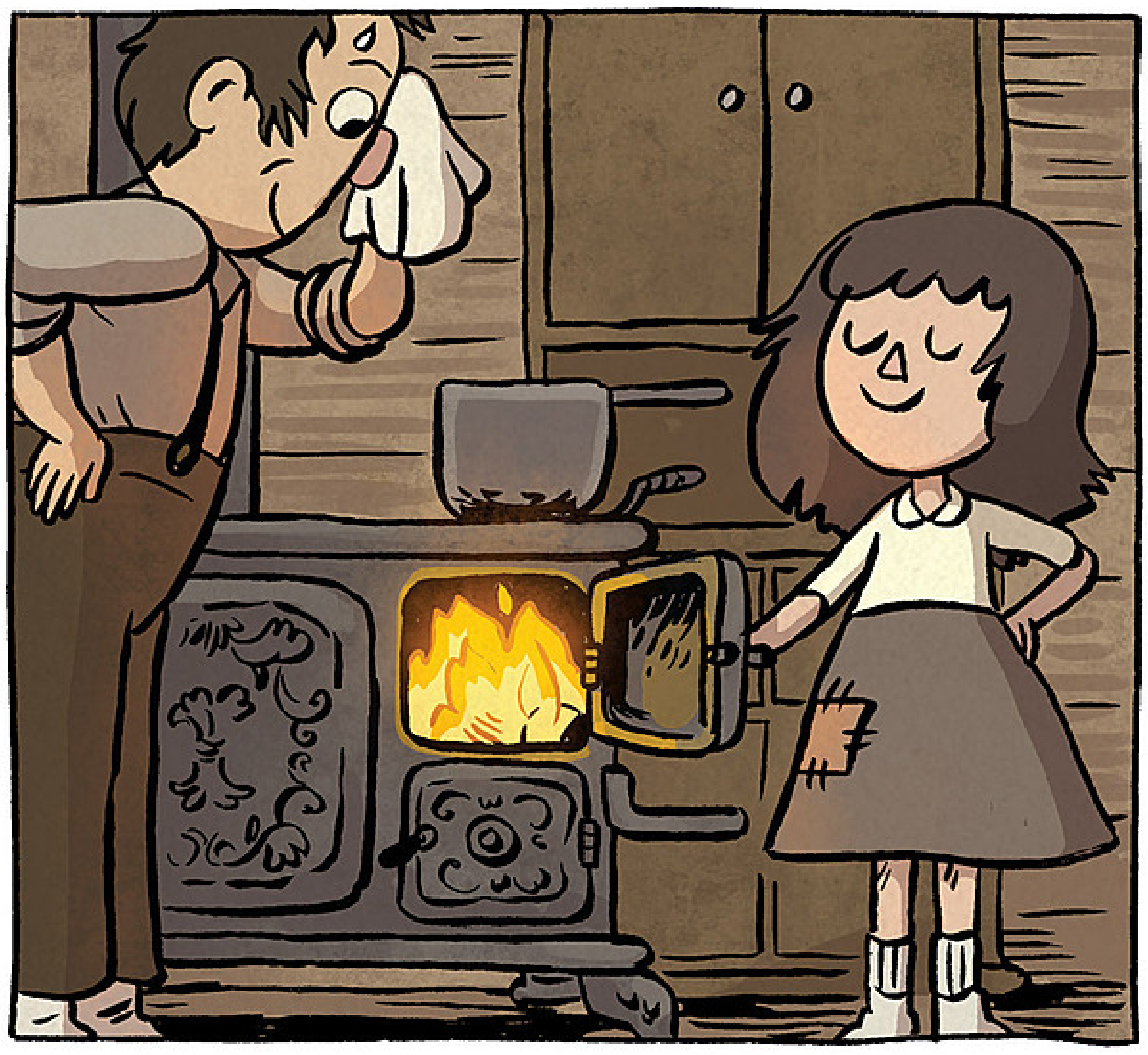

Don't worry... she's still... here with us, Anna.

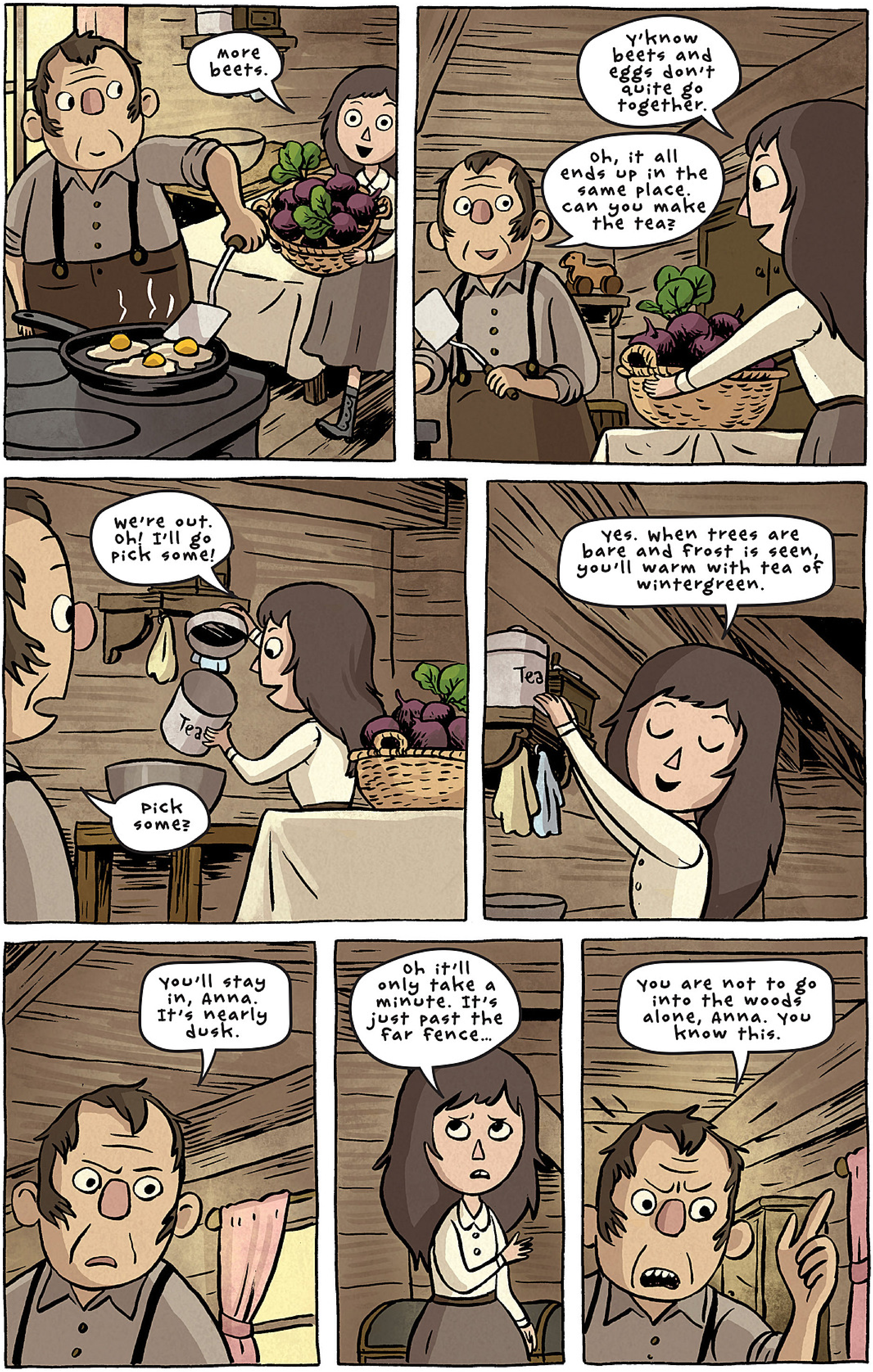
He was determined to survive in that house. As was I.

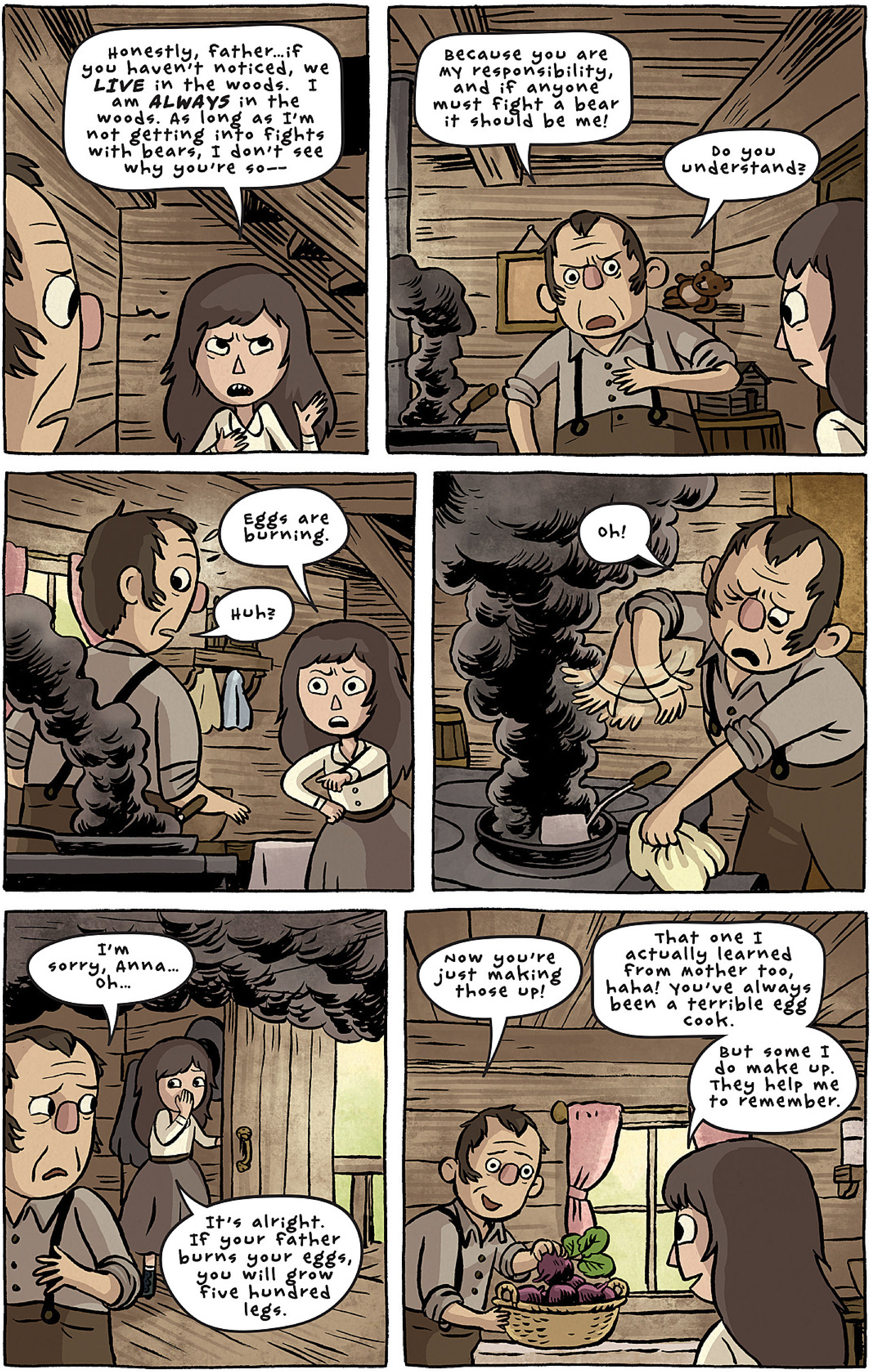

Did she ever tell you anything about how to grow beets?
Harvest seeds when clusters brown, Beets survive in frosty ground.
I like beets.
Me too.

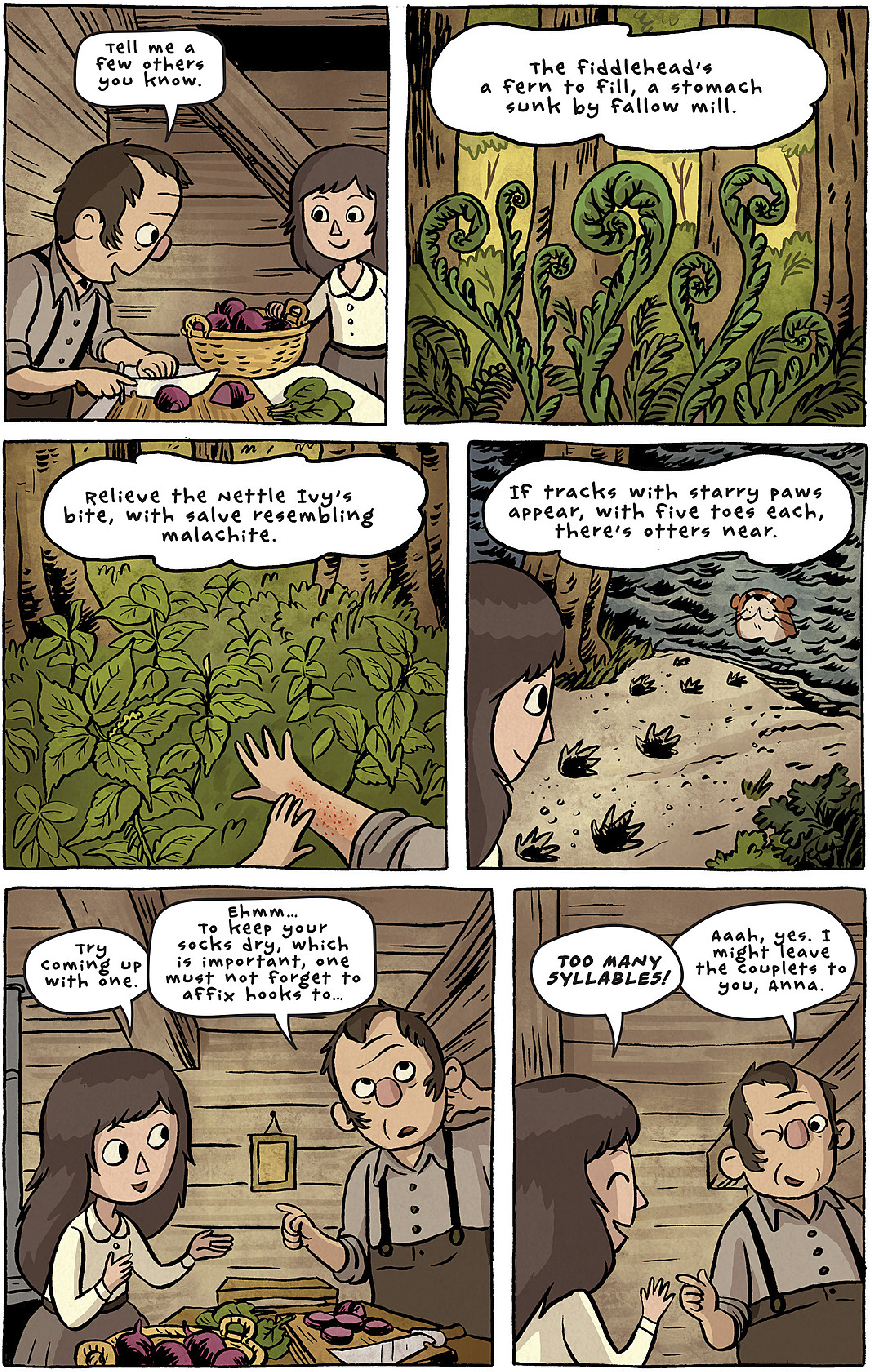


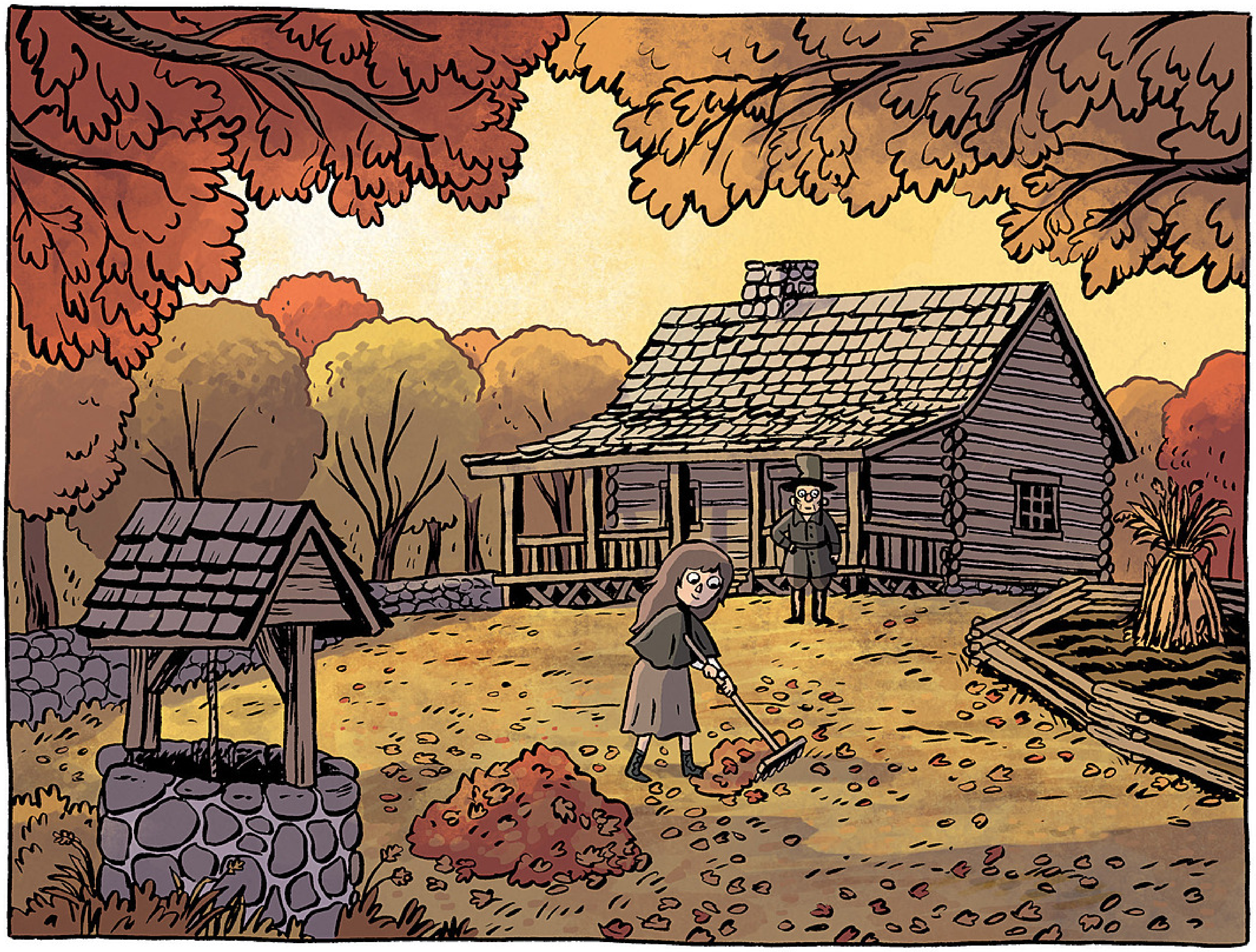


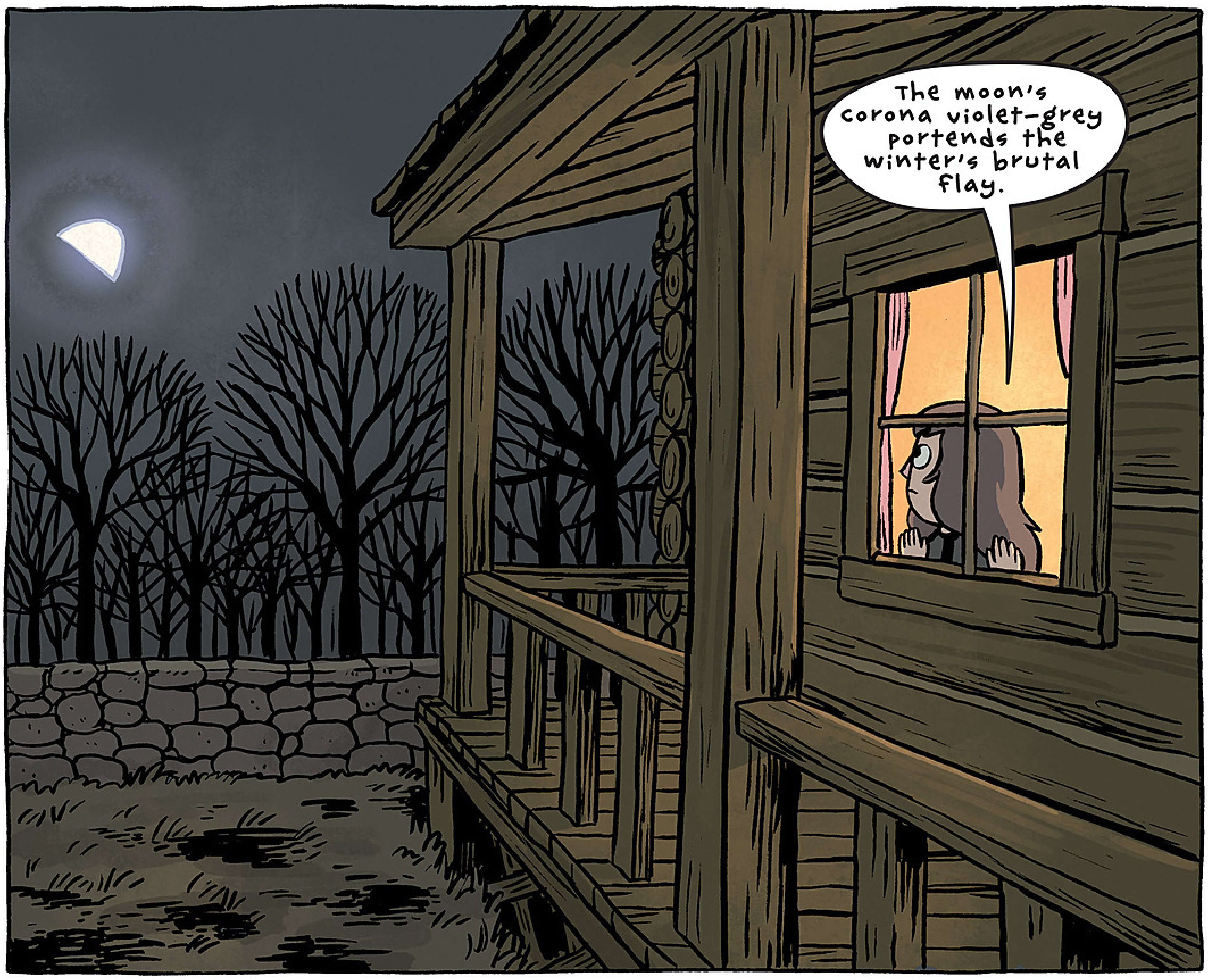


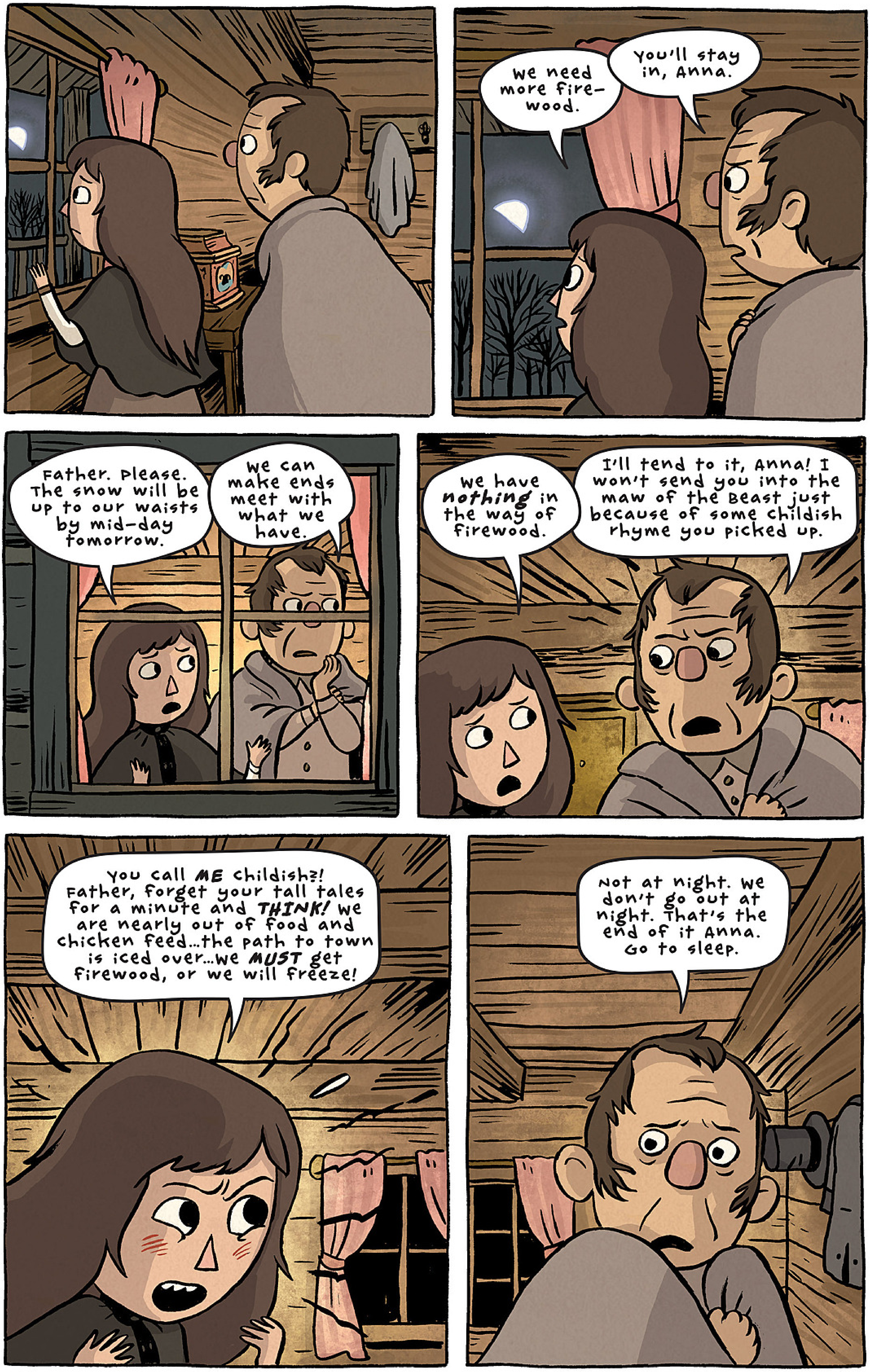

more beets.
Y'know beets and eggs don't quite go together.
Oh, it all ends up in the same place. can you make the tea?
Tea
We're out. Oh! I'll go pick some!
Pick some?
Tea
Yes. When trees are bare and frost is seen, you'll warm with tea of wintergreen.
You'll stay in, Anna. It's nearly dusk.
Oh it'll only take a minute. It's just past the far fence...
You are not to go into the woods alone, Anna. You know this.

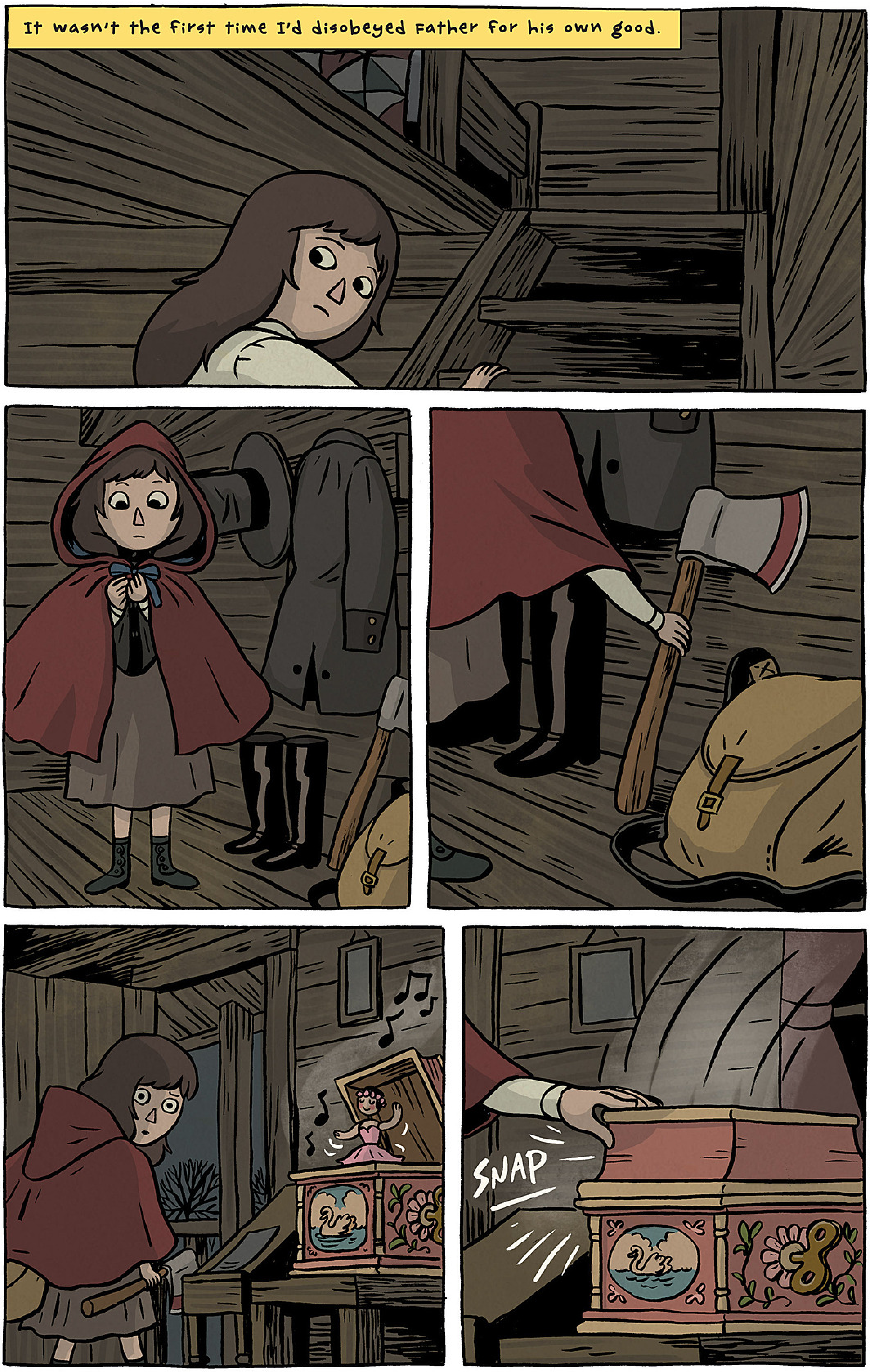

Honestly, father…if you haven't noticed, we **LIVE** in the woods. I am **ALWAYS** in the woods. As long as I'm not getting into fights with bears, I don't see why you're so--
Because you are my responsibility, and if anyone must fight a bear it should be me!
Do you understand?
Eggs are burning.
Huh?
Oh!
I'm sorry, Anna… oh…
It's alright. If your father burns your eggs, you will grow five hundred legs.
Now you're just making those up!
That one I actually learned from mother too, haha! You've always been a terrible egg cook.
But some I do make up. They help me to remember.

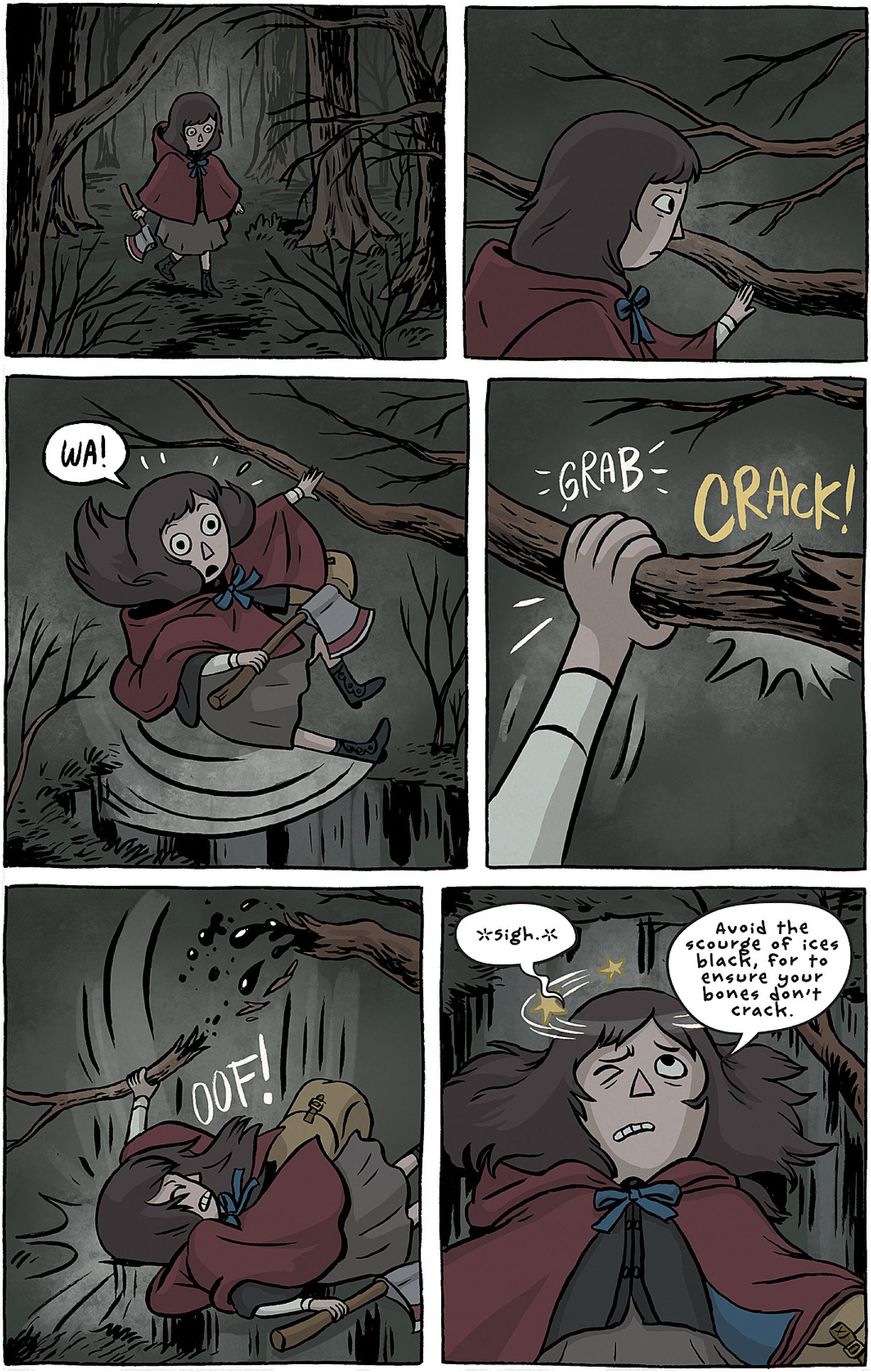

Tell me a few others you know.
The fiddlehead's a fern to fill, a stomach sunk by fallow mill.
Relieve the Nettle Ivy's bite, with salve resembling malachite.
If tracks with starry paws appear, with five toes each, there's otters near.
Try coming up with one.
Ehmm... To keep your socks dry, which is important, one must not forget to affix hooks to...
TOO MANY SYLLABLES!
Aaah, yes. I might leave the couplets to you, Anna.

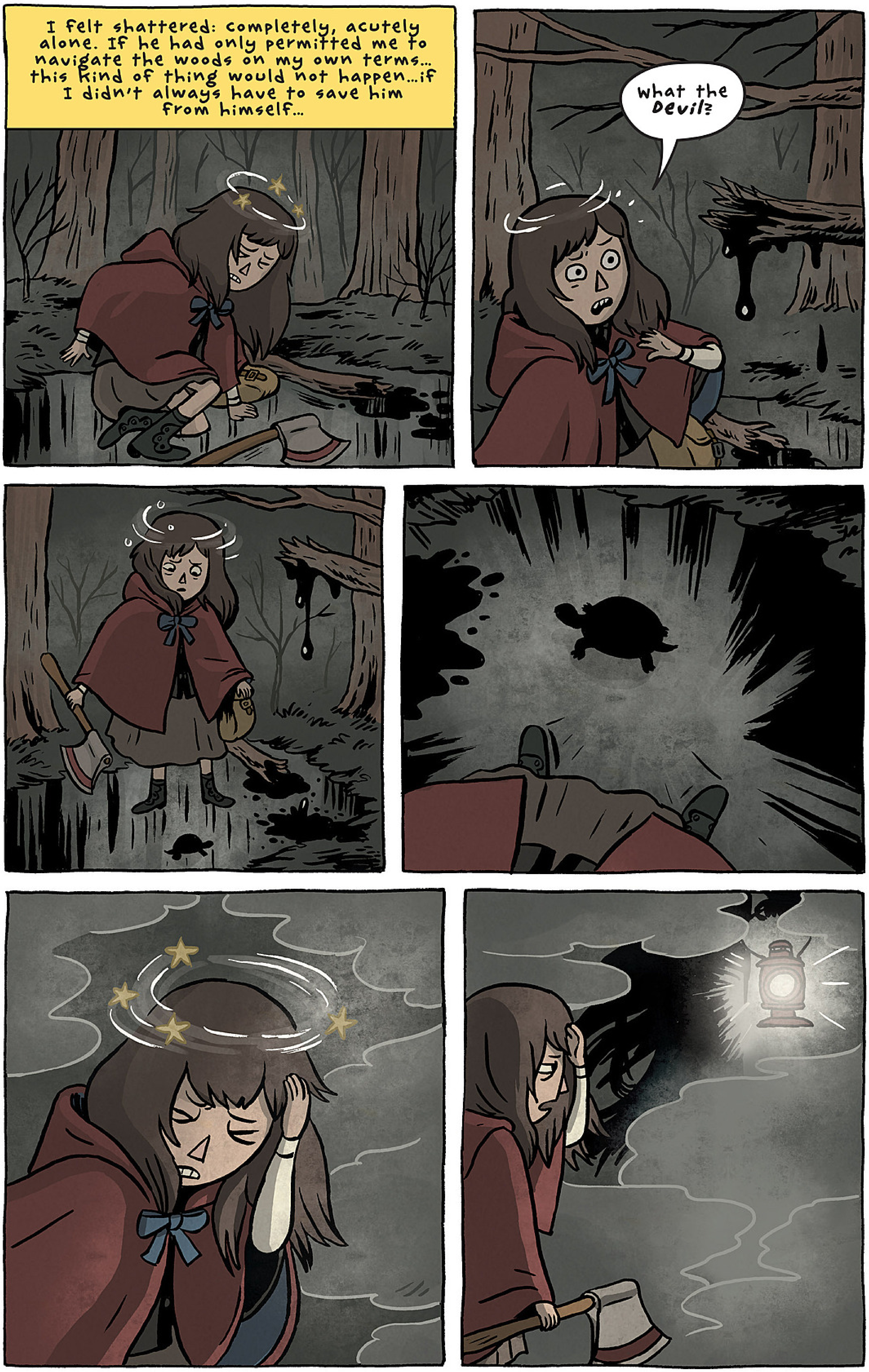


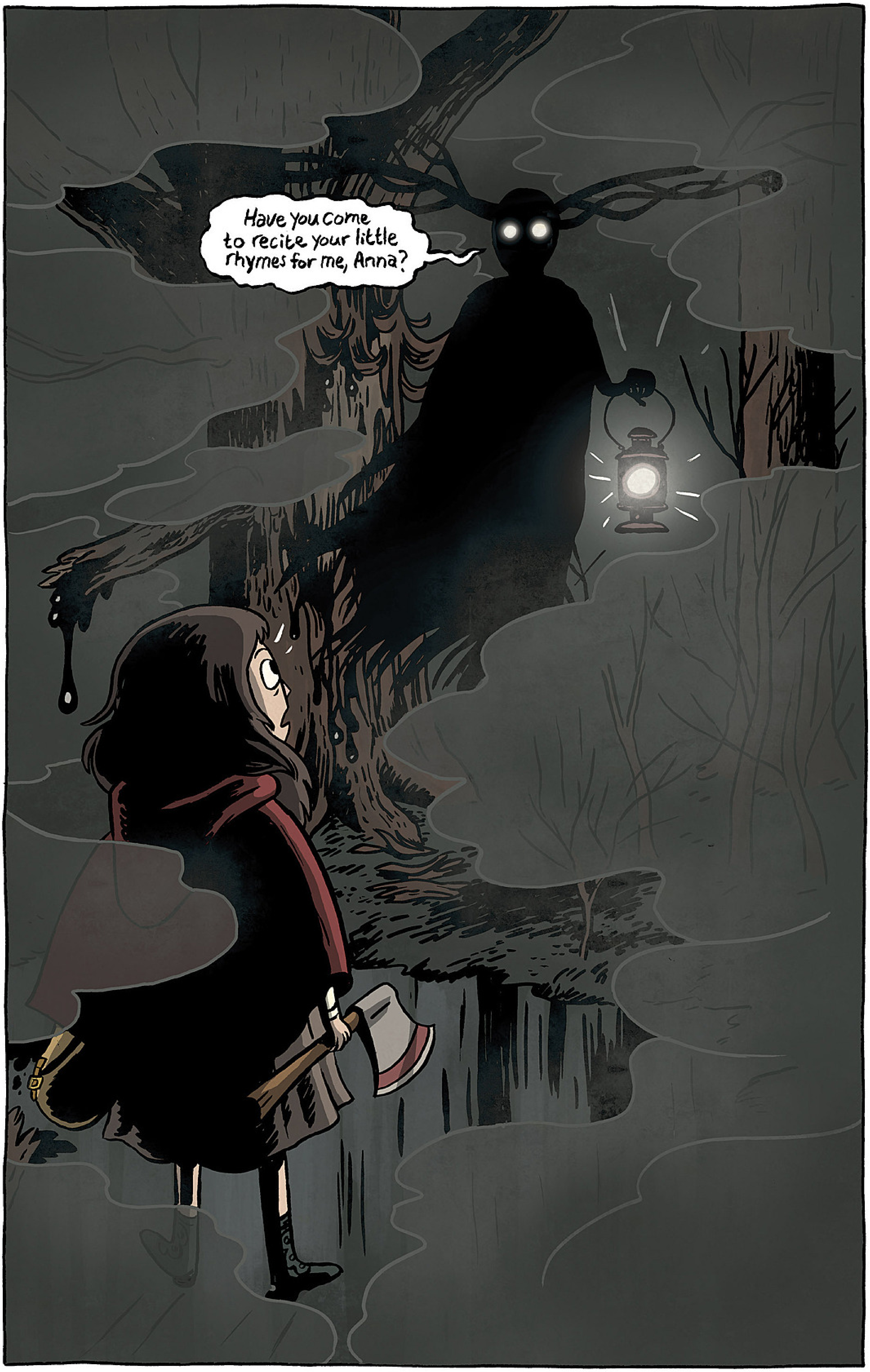

The moon's corona violet-grey portends the winter's brutal flay.

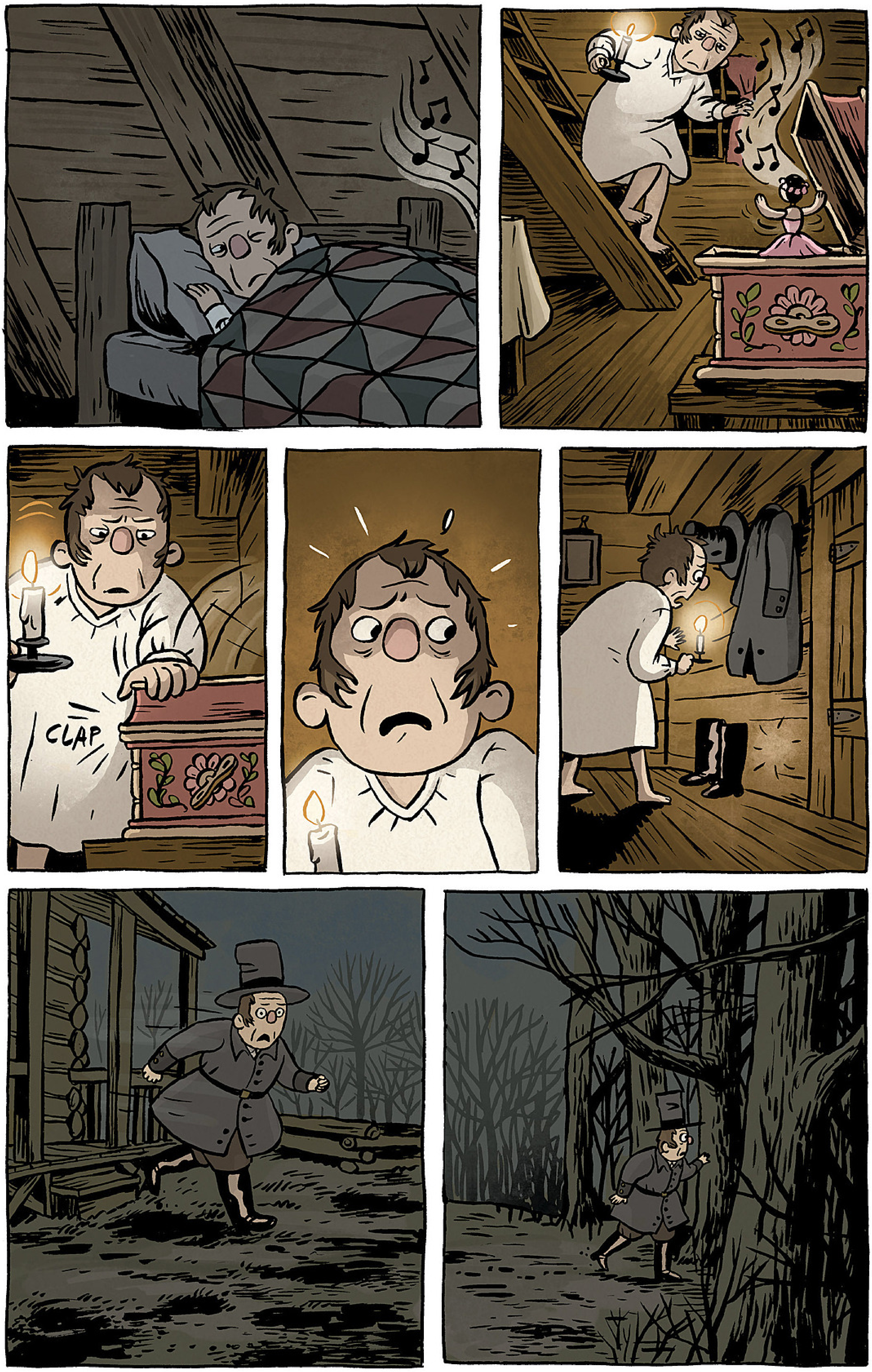

We need more firewood.
You'll stay in, Anna.
Father. Please. The snow will be up to our waists by mid-day tomorrow.
We can make ends meet with what we have.
We have *nothing* in the way of firewood.
I'll tend to it, Anna! I won't send you into the maw of the Beast just because of some childish rhyme you picked up.
You call *ME* childish?! Father, forget your tall tales for a minute and *THINK!* We are nearly out of food and chicken feed...the path to town is iced over...we *MUST* get firewood, or we will freeze!
Not at night. We don't go out at night. That's the end of it Anna. Go to sleep.

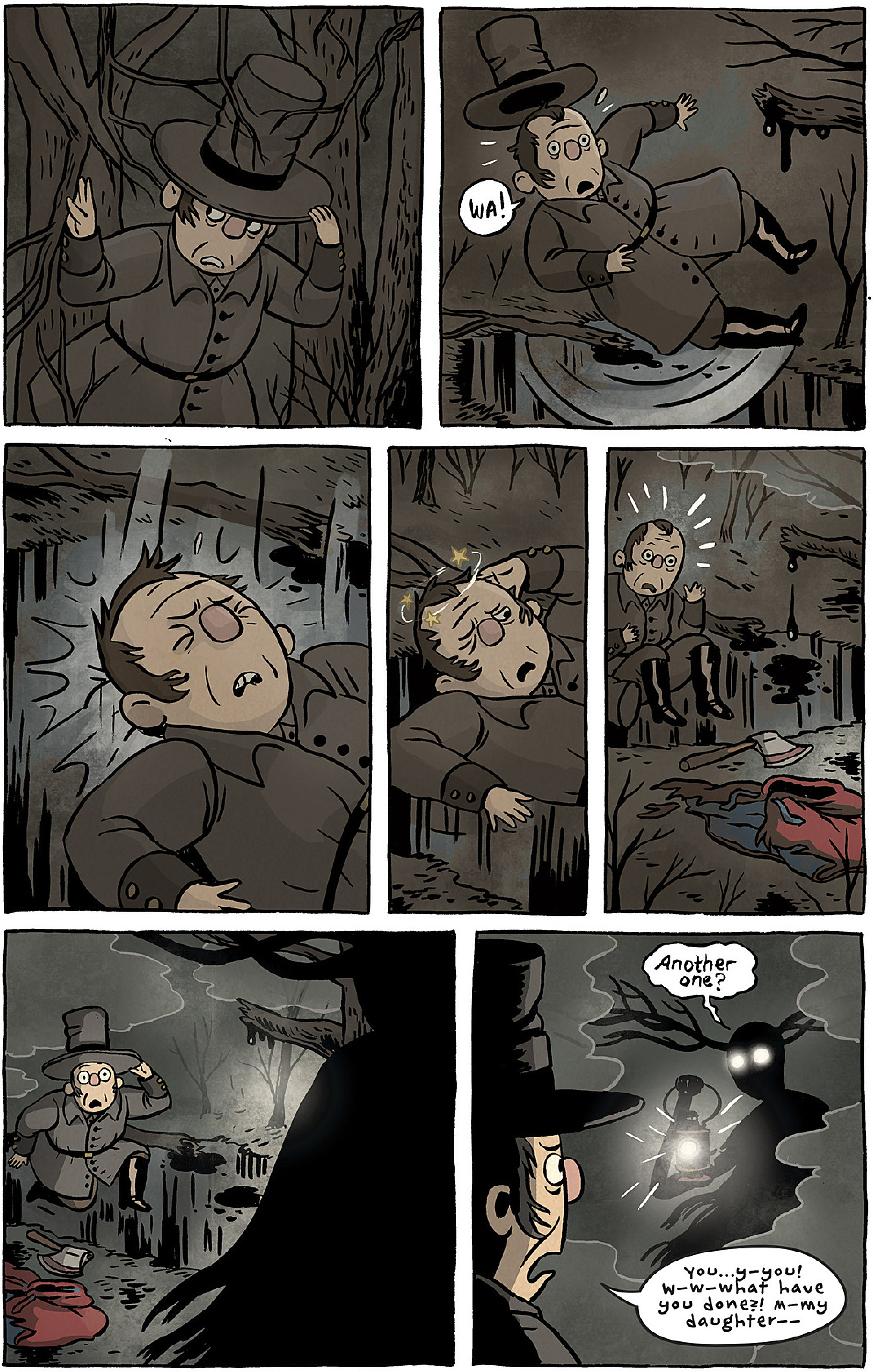

It wasn't the first time I'd disobeyed Father for his own good.
SNAP

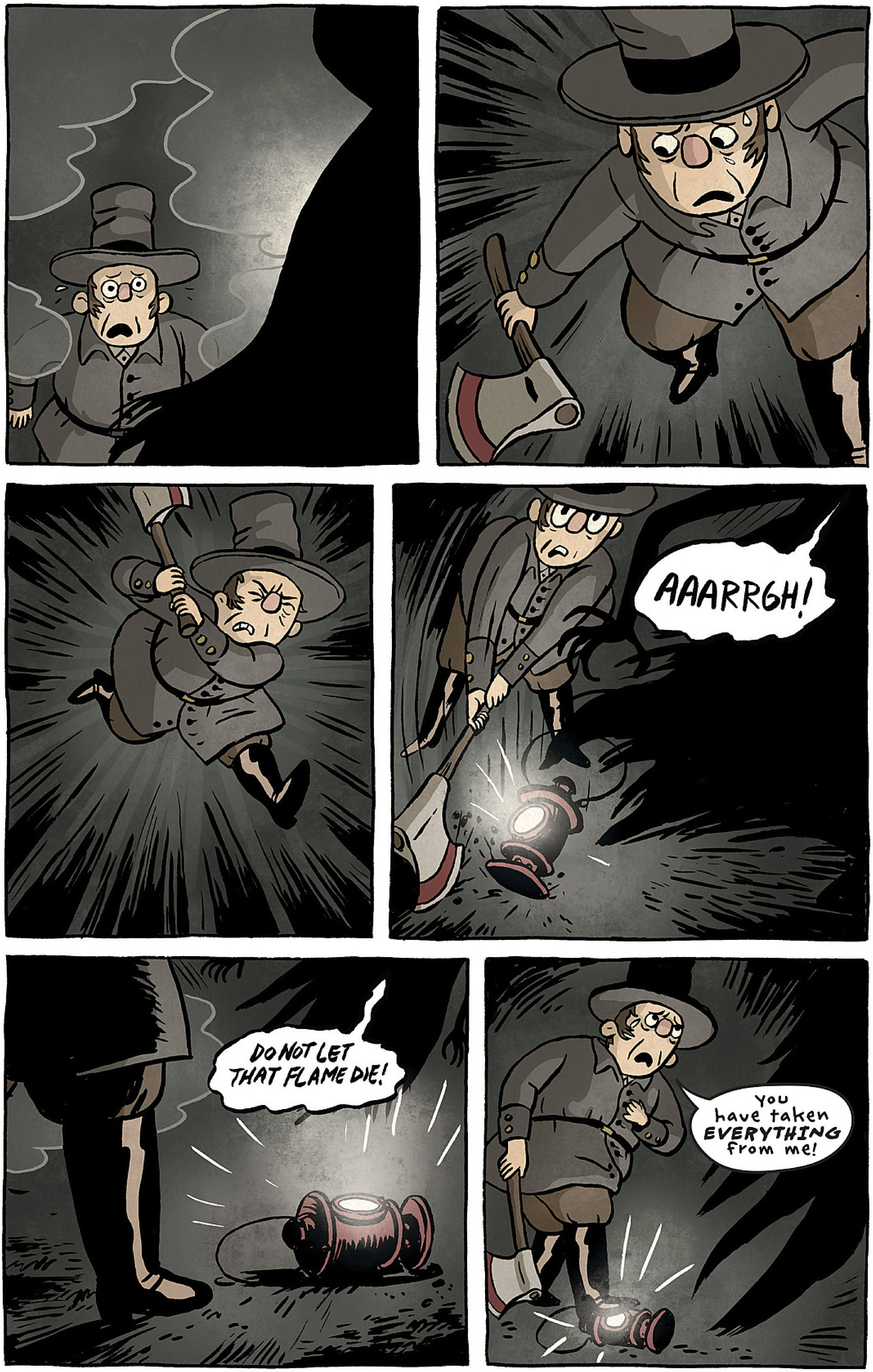

WA!
GRAB
CRACK!
OOF!
sigh.
Avoid the scourge of ices black, for to ensure your bones don't crack.

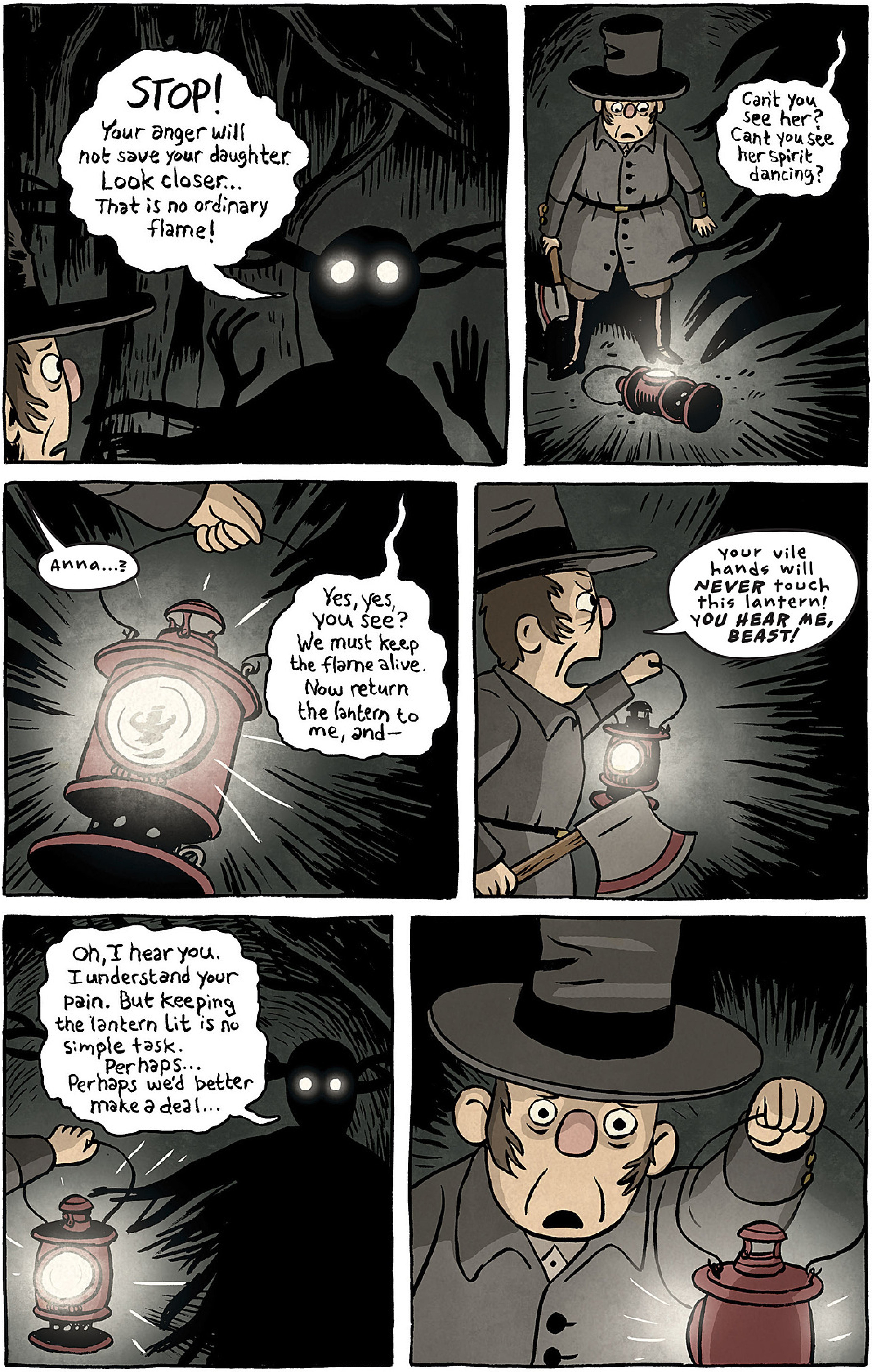

I felt shattered: completely, acutely alone. If he had only permitted me to navigate the woods on my own terms... this kind of thing would not happen...if I didn't always have to save him from himself...
What the Devil?

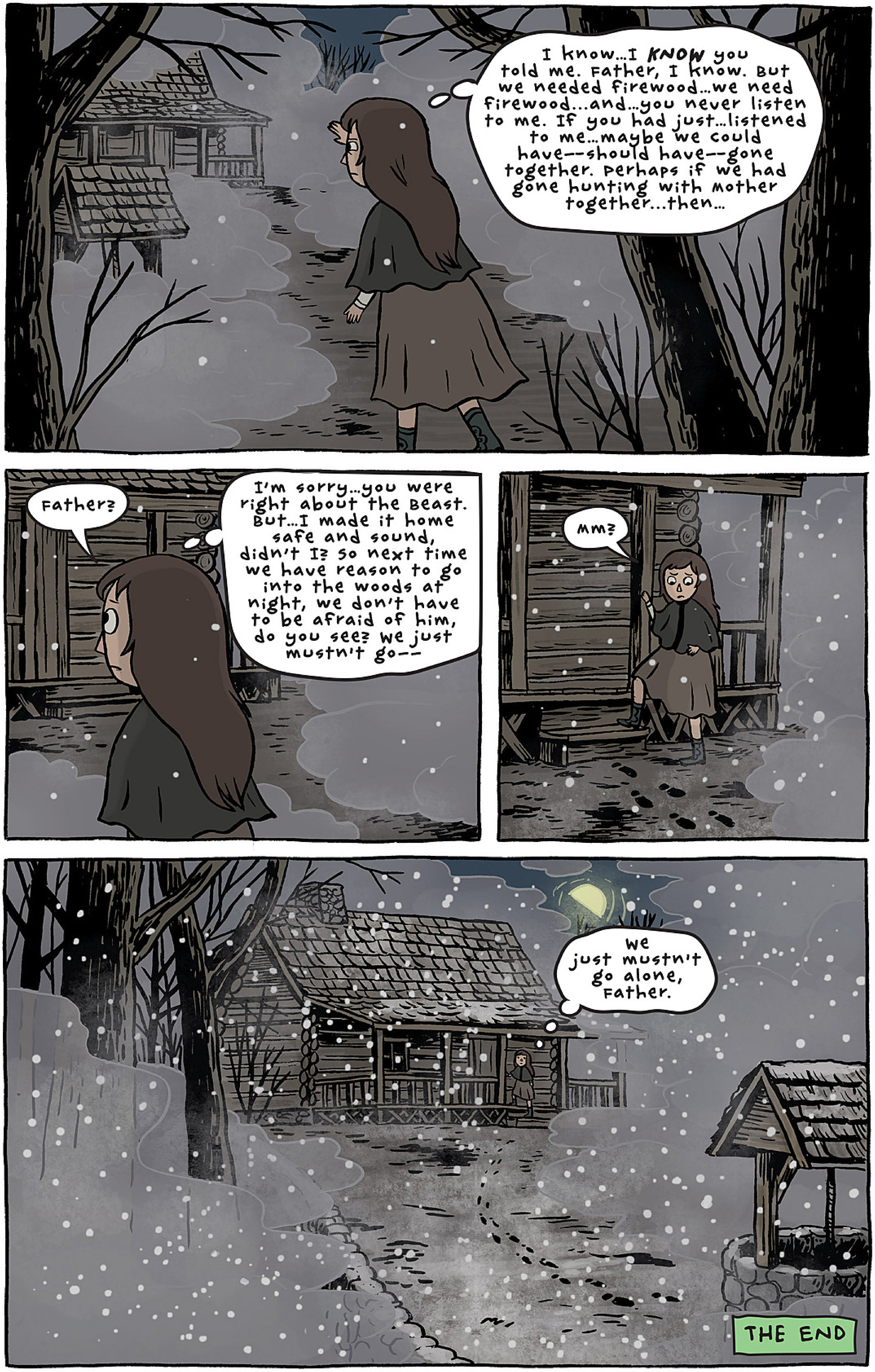

Have you come to recite your little rhymes for me, Anna?

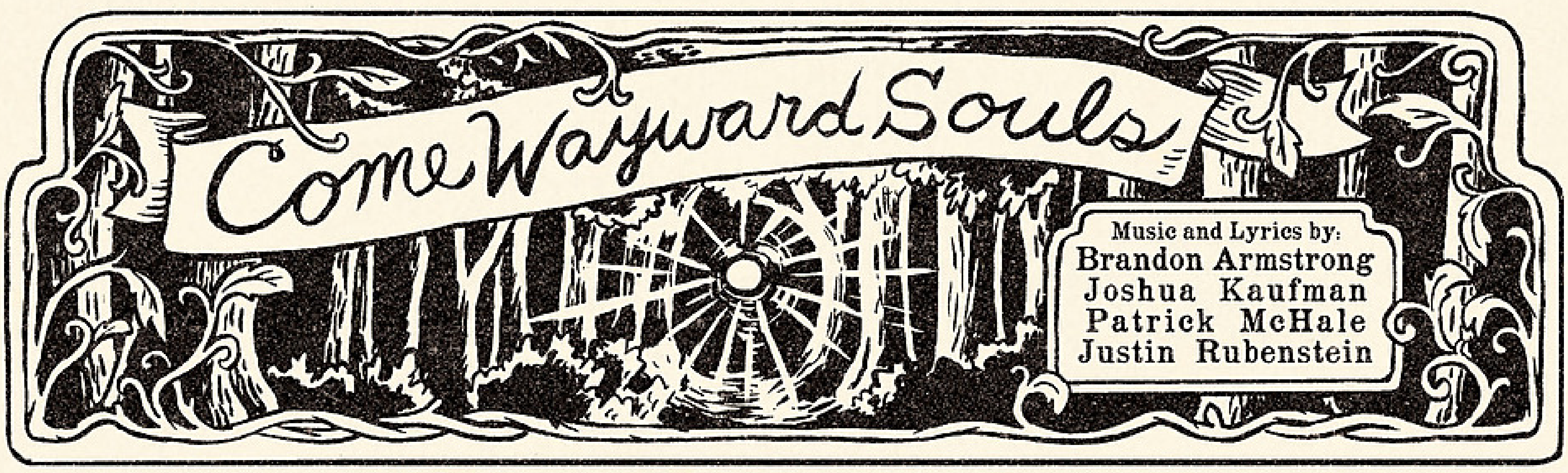

CLAP


WA!
Another one?
You...y-you! W-w-what have you done?! M-my daughter--


AAARRGH!
DO NOT LET THAT FLAME DIE!
You have taken EVERYTHING from me!


STOP! Your anger will not save your daughter. Look closer... That is no ordinary flame!
Can't you see her? Cant you see her spirit dancing?
Anna...?
Yes, yes, you see? We must keep the flame alive. Now return the lantern to me, and—
Your vile hands will **NEVER** touch this lantern! **YOU HEAR ME, BEAST!**
Oh, I hear you. I understand your pain. But keeping the lantern lit is no simple task. Perhaps... Perhaps we'd better make a deal...

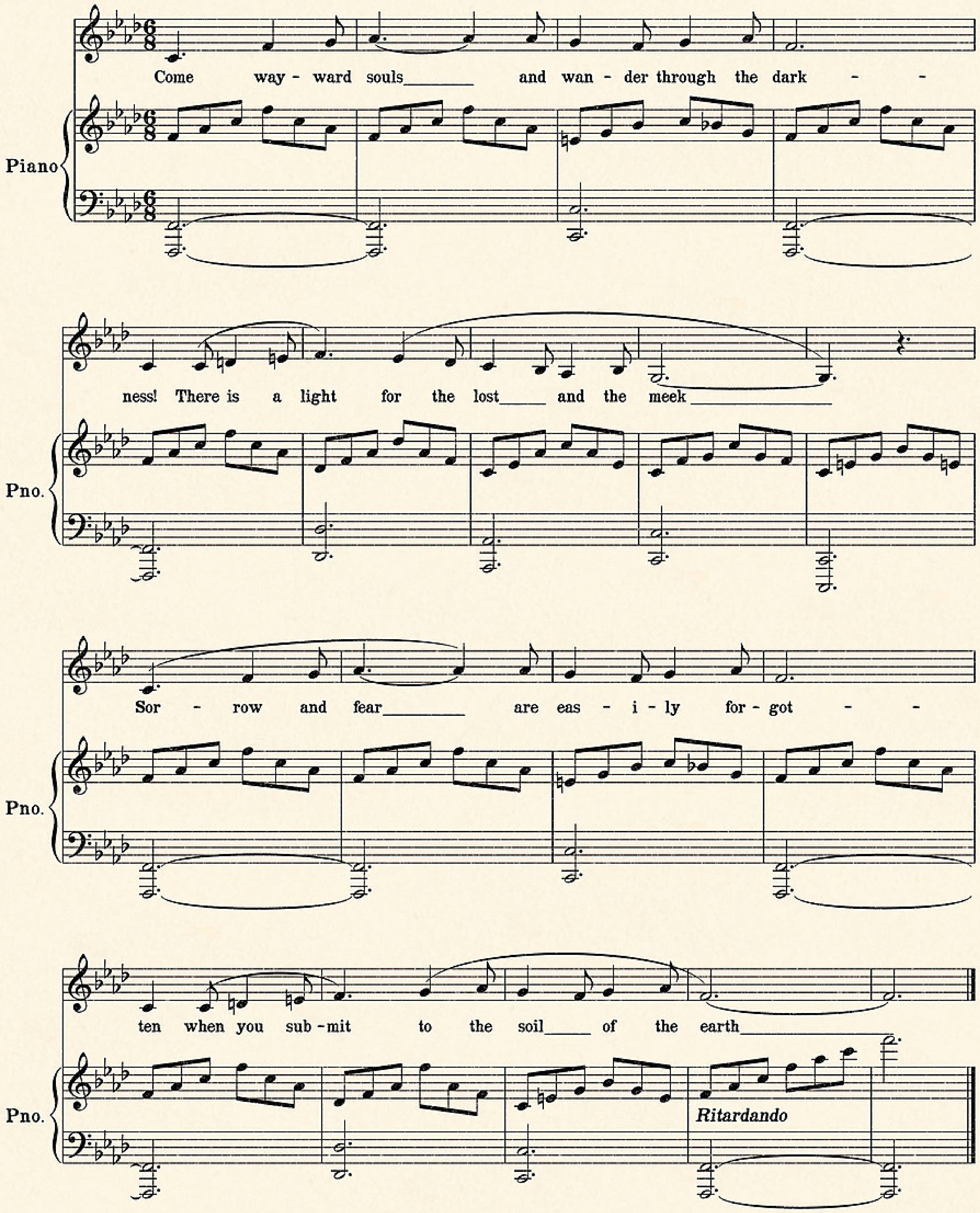

I know...I *KNOW* you told me. Father, I know. But we needed firewood...we need firewood...and...you never listen to me. If you had just...listened to me...maybe we could have--should have--gone together. Perhaps if we had gone hunting with mother together...then...
Father?
I'm sorry...you were right about the Beast. But...I made it home safe and sound, didn't I? So next time we have reason to go into the woods at night, we don't have to be afraid of him, do you see? We just mustn't go--
Mm?
We just mustn't go alone, Father.
THE END



Come Wayward Souls

Music and Lyrics by:
Brandon Armstrong
Joshua Kaufman
Patrick McHale
Justin Rubenstein

Larghetto Mesto


Piano
Come way - ward souls and wan - der through the dark - -
Pno.
ness! There is a light for the lost and the meek
Pno.
Sor - row and fear are eas - i - ly for - got - -
Pno.
ten when you sub - mit to the soil of the earth
Ritardando

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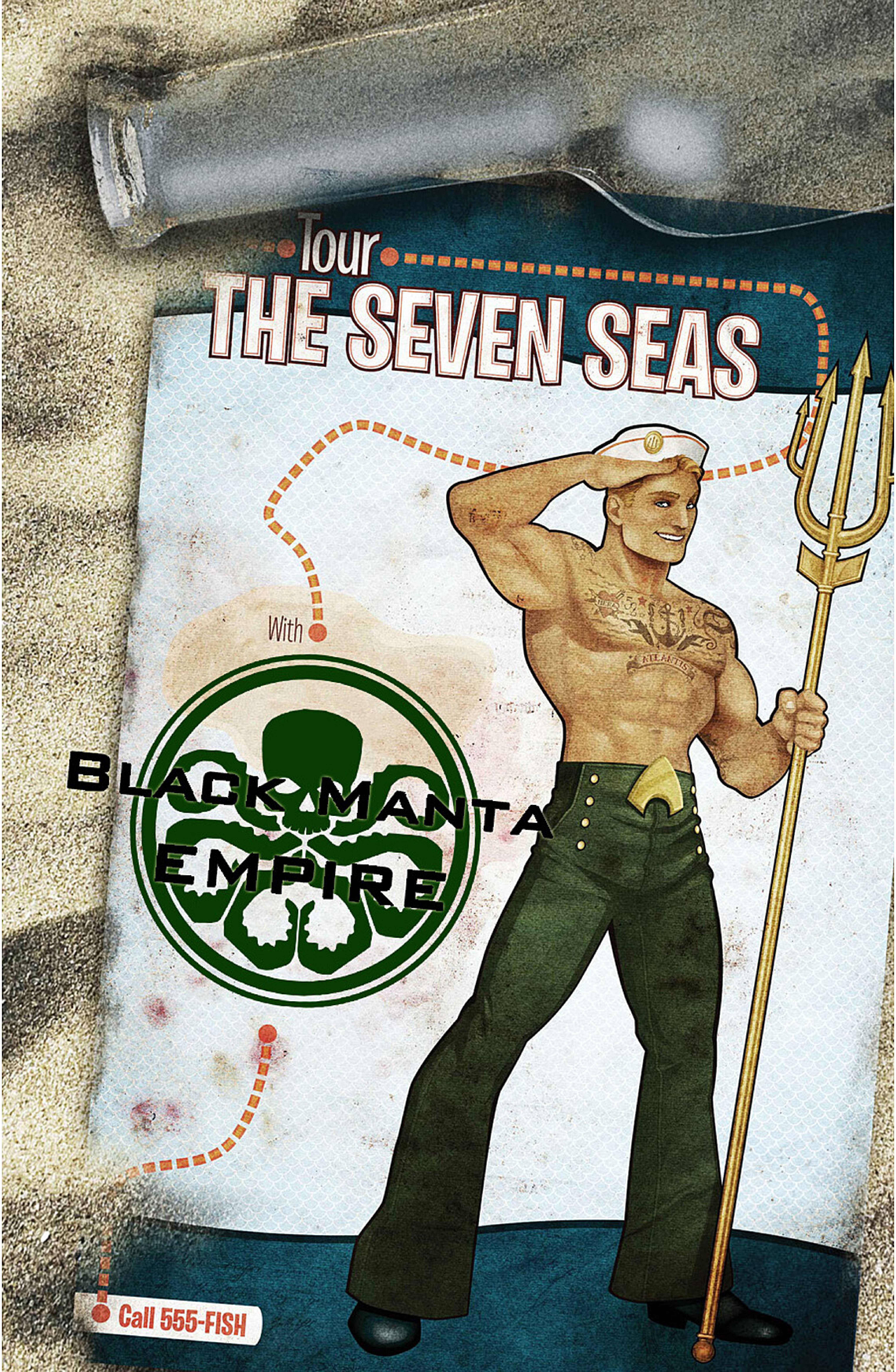
Tour
THE SEVEN SEAS
With
BLACK MANTA
EMPIRE
ATLANTIS
Call 555-FISH